VOL. CCXV, No. 2804

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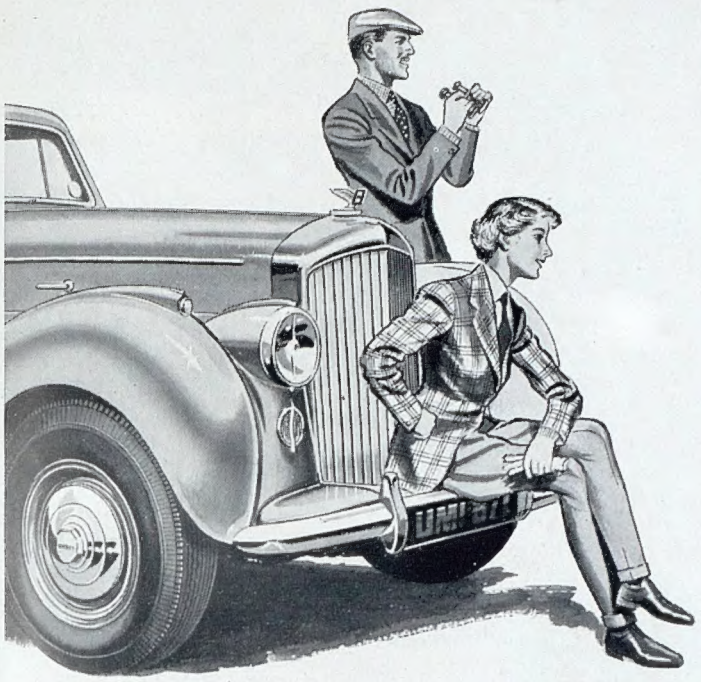

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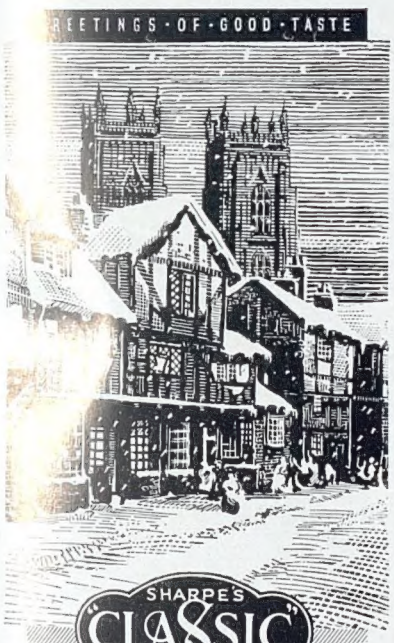

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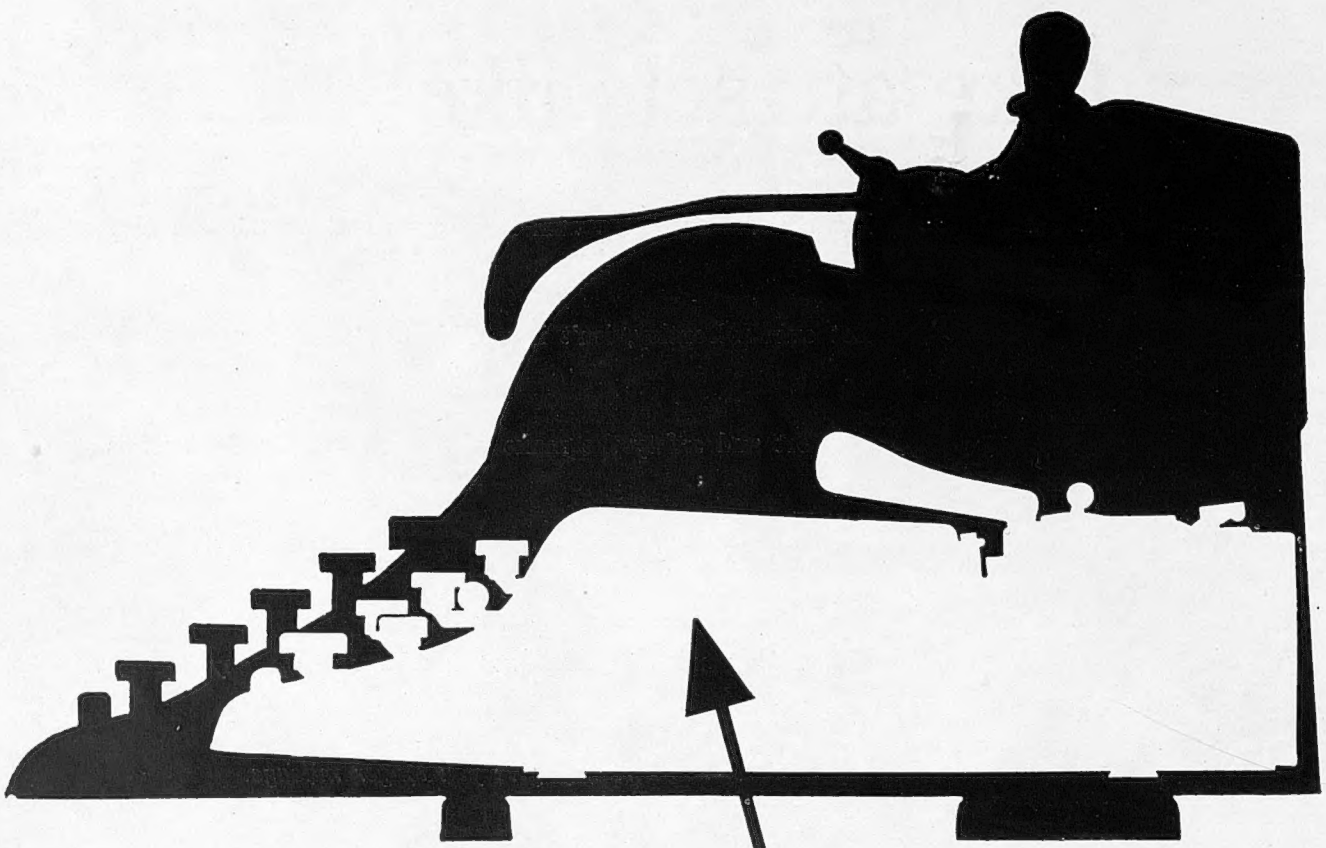

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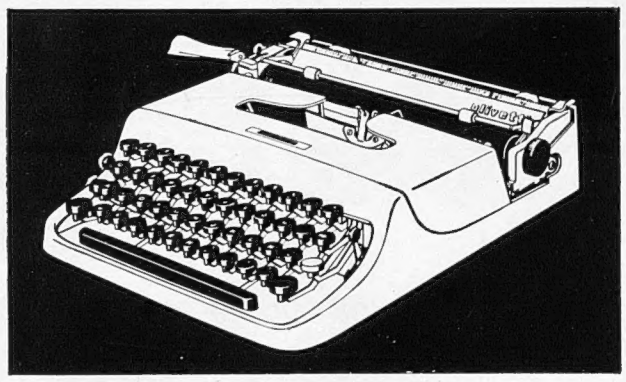

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Volume CCXV No. 2804 The SPHERE, London, November 7, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A FRIEND OF PRINCESS MARGARET WEDS — THE PRINCESS AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER OUTSIDE THE LITTLE CHURCH OF ST. MARY'S, AT NORTH MIMMS, HERTFORDSHIRE, AS THEY WATCHED WITH THE CROWD WHEN THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEFT FOR THE RECEPTION FOLLOWING THEIR MARRIAGE : The bride was Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole, daughter of Colonel Sir John and Lady Carew Pole, and the bridegroom was Mr. David Quilter, son of the late Mr. Percy Quilter, of Chelsea. Princess Margaret and the bride have been friends since childhood days.

Outside the little church of St. Mary's, in North Mimms Park, near Hatfield, there was a great gathering last week to see Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother when they arrived for the wedding of Princess Margaret's friend, Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole. Later, when the bride left the church on the arm of the bridegroom, the Royal visitors watched from the pathway, standing in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd which, judging from this picture, was not quite sure whether to look at the newly-weds or at the Royal visitors who were so close to them. (A picture of the bride and bridegroom leaving the church appears on page 218 of this issue.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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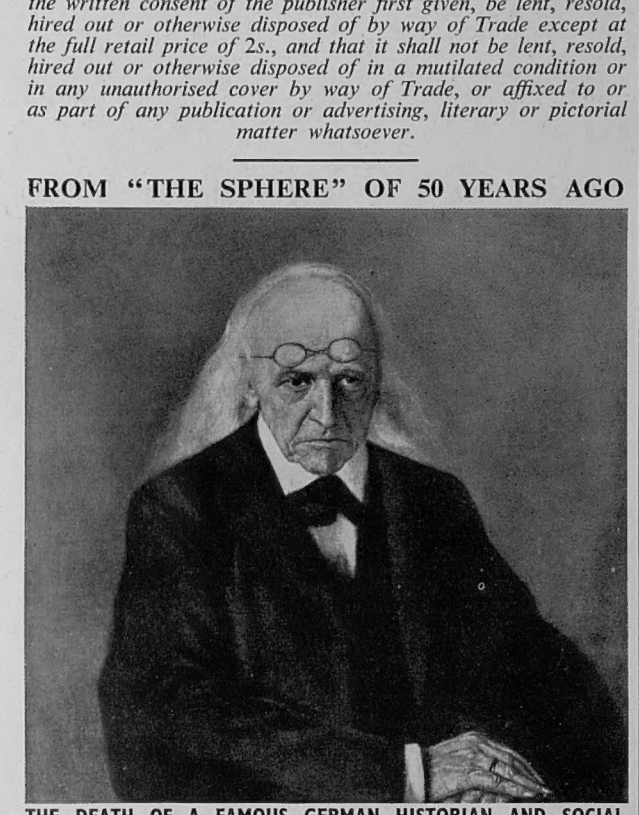
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE DEATH OF A FAMOUS GERMAN HISTORIAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER: Professor Theodor Mommsen, whose death at the age of eighty-five occurred in Berlin on November 1, 1903. His greatest work as a historian was his *Roman History*, much of which was written in the mid-nineteenth century. In 1903 THE SPHERE recorded that "he was not only an historian of the past, but an active social worker in the present, his interest in politics being very great." Mommsen was a strong believer in liberal individualism and was an opponent of Bismarck. This picture is from the painting by Franz Lenbach.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least 8 ins. by 6 ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from 750 words to 2,000 words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE AMATEUR THEATRE

The First of Two Articles Dealing with the Amateur Societies

By W. A. DARLINGTON

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

E.D.C.—It is fairly certain that France will not ratify the E.D.C. Treaty in 1953. The Saar Treaty and the Presidential election now ahead make it almost certain that the Assembly would not accept it. One might say that the Americans would declare that their patience is exhausted. They have shown remarkable patience, but it has been argued that the further indefinite delay may not be unwelcome to those who must explain to Europe America's new theories of her own contribution to European defence; in effect, the substitution of atomic weapons for man-power. The highest authority has denied that such a theory is officially accepted, but no doubt a vague threat of withdrawal of American divisions, however gradual, however balanced by increased atomic gun-power, might operate either as a lever or as a justification for drawing in the horns of American aid. Certainly the further delay in French ratification is a fair reason for exploring other ways of bringing West German troops into N.A.T.O. No doubt our Premier and the American President have drawn closer together on this thorny question and are acting or planning to act in unity. That is something to welcome. On the other hand, it is not likely to decrease the hesitation of the French Assembly or to end the procrastination.

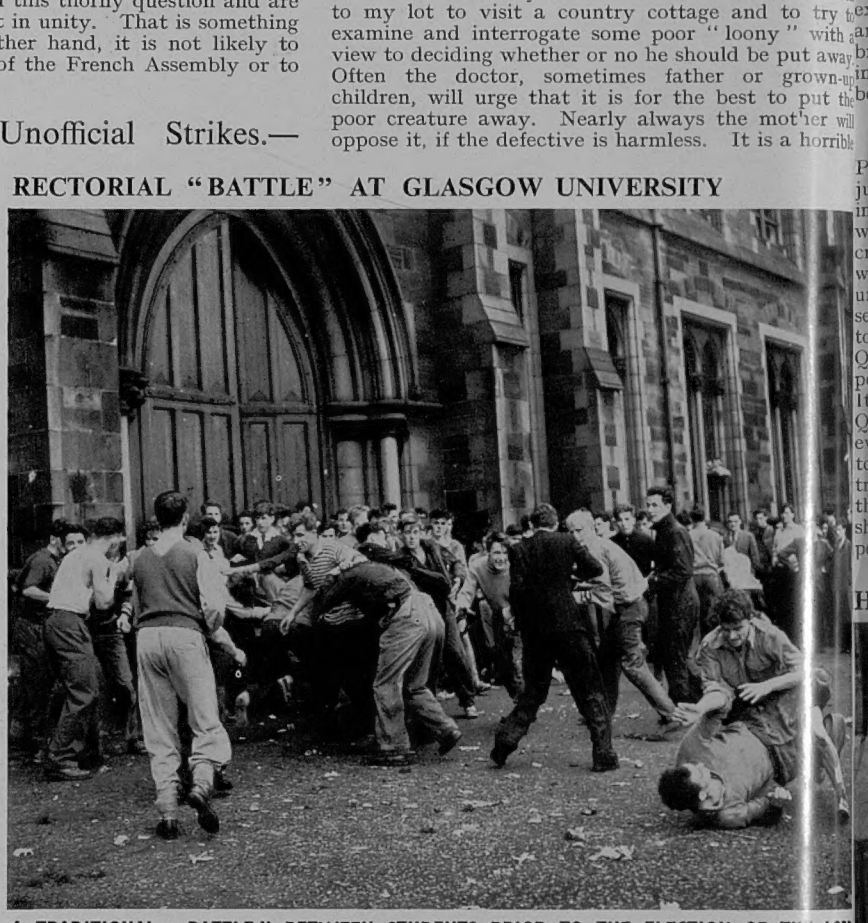
Unions and Unofficial Strikes.—Union leaders and Labour members splendidly supported the Government in its efforts to spare the public from victimisation as a result of the outrageous actions of London tanker drivers. It must be clear to us all why they have done so. The very existence, and certainly the usefulness, of Trades Unions have long been threatened by these foolish and disloyal strikes. And to-day the general public wonders how much longer the façade, so painfully built up, of organised and constitutional protection of the rights of labour can remain standing in its present form. Its strength and usefulness have always rested on the movement's unity, self-loyalty, discipline and strict regard to constitutional methods. It is the most democratic body in the world. Its leaders and representatives truly represent all components and are most meticulously chosen. Yet for a decade we have grown used to these unofficial strikes which set at nought the advice and orders of the Union chiefs and make utter nonsense of democratic representation. And we are coming to believe that often the cause is the clumsy machinery within the Unions for telling the branches what action is being taken at the top to put right reasonable grievances. What worries us more is the constant evidence that neither Government nor Union chiefs care to grasp the nettle where the sting lies. These revolts are seldom quelled—they are usually compromised. The ringleaders must not be victimised. They must be allowed to save face and get away with it. The "temper of the men" must be pandered to. Any form of executive which dare not use its constitutional sanctions is doomed. Yet the nettle must be grasped if chaos in the labour world is to be avoided. In the present "temper of the men" and the powerlessness of the Unions, what is the worth of the employers' declaration that repentent strikers shall not be victimised? That may mean merely another strike.

Road Casualties.—I do not know how our road casualty statistics for September 1953 compare proportionately with those of the Somme battlefield in World War I. I think I should have felt even more uncomfortable in the Somme mud if I had been assured that a British casualty occurred every two minutes in every twenty-four hours and that about one in seven of the troops engaged would be "for it." Perhaps it was so, but I doubt it. It is strange that one should accept it as the truth in the piping times of peace when only a few dozen a year desire to kill or injure any human being. Why then do we do it so thoroughly? Some say we can't help it because our roads are so bad. Others say the killers are guilty of every crime short of premeditated murder, from mere selfishness and impatience and bad manners up to criminal negligence justifying a charge of manslaughter. Others say the victim positively asked for it. The authorities are concerned have been so for decades; they talk and they warn and the roads remain much as they were and more and more cars take the roads, despite the taxes on cars and petrol. And no single driver, old or new takes the road with any sign of nervousness. The bullet won't come *his* way. He will have a quiet and comfortable and boring ride. He doesn't mutter "one in seven," nor tick off every two minutes of his run with one more maiming. Nor do the walkers or the cyclists. The Welfare State will help to bury them and does what it can to keep them alive—off the roads. But it can't do much for them *on* the roads.

Royal Commission on Mental Cases.—I was glad to learn that a Royal Commission is to study the operation of present laws on the certification and detention of mental defectives. In so far as this unpleasant duty may fall on a lay magistrate it may be regarded as the least pleasant and the most difficult of his many duties. It has sometimes fallen to my lot to visit a country cottage and to try to examine and interrogate some poor "loony" with a view to deciding whether or no he should be put away. Often the doctor, sometimes father or grown-up children, will urge that it is for the best to put the poor creature away. Nearly always the mother will oppose it, if the defective is harmless. It is a horrible job, and very few lay justices can possibly be qualified to deal with it. Here is no "point of law" which the justice's clerk can advise on. The lay magistrate should be advised *ad hoc* by an independent "medical-justice's clerk." For the local doctor's advice may well be biased or openly prejudged by such questions as the greater benefit of the family concerned. The new "education" of magistrates includes lunacy and all this field in its syllabus of "lectures." I wonder what degree of wishful thinking can hope that, after one hour's lecture on this vast and intricate subject, poor Justice Muddlecombe will be better equipped for a right judgment in his lonely, impossible function. I hope the Commission may recommend the easing of this sorry, unsatisfactory duty imposed on him.

Another Prize for England.—The 1953 Nobel Prize for medicine has been divided between an Englishman and an American. The subject of their research is far above my head. The citric acid cycle and co-enzyma may run in my veins, but do so anonymously. The prize doctors' names interested me. The Englishman is Hans Adolf Krebs. The American is Fritz Lipman. They are both very important and very renowned scientists, and I am perfectly sure that their reward is no exaggerated proof of their deserts. Dr. Krebs studied in German Universities and was born a German, and no doubt Germany must receive some of the credit when our Press hails the award as another feather in Britain's cap. In a word, how far less homogeneous as a race is the Britain of to-day than the Britain of 1900. We are surely very much nearer the ideal of a World State than we were. But, although America could never in our own times be described as homogeneous racially,

RECTORIAL "BATTLE" AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY



A TRADITIONAL "BATTLE" BETWEEN STUDENTS PRIOR TO THE ELECTION OF THE LORD RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY: Although this year's Rectorial election was comparatively quiet, when compared with other post-war elections, many students did turn out in a variety of garments to champion their various causes, and several "combats" were reported. At the election itself Dr. T. J. Honeyman, Director of Glasgow Art Galleries and Museums, was elected the new Lord Rector with a total of 744 votes, a majority of 372 over his nearest rival, Lady Tweedsmuir, M.P. News of Dr. Honeyman's election was conveyed to Glasgow Western Infirmary, where he was taken four weeks ago with two slipped discs in his spine. In his message to the students, Glasgow's new Lord Rector said he was "most grateful to all those who sponsored my candidature."

it was not so long ago that Britain, with a population of 30,000,000, contained only a quarter-million "foreigners," mostly Russians and Poles—much less than 1 per cent. That is how we stood when King Edward VII ascended the throne. How now?

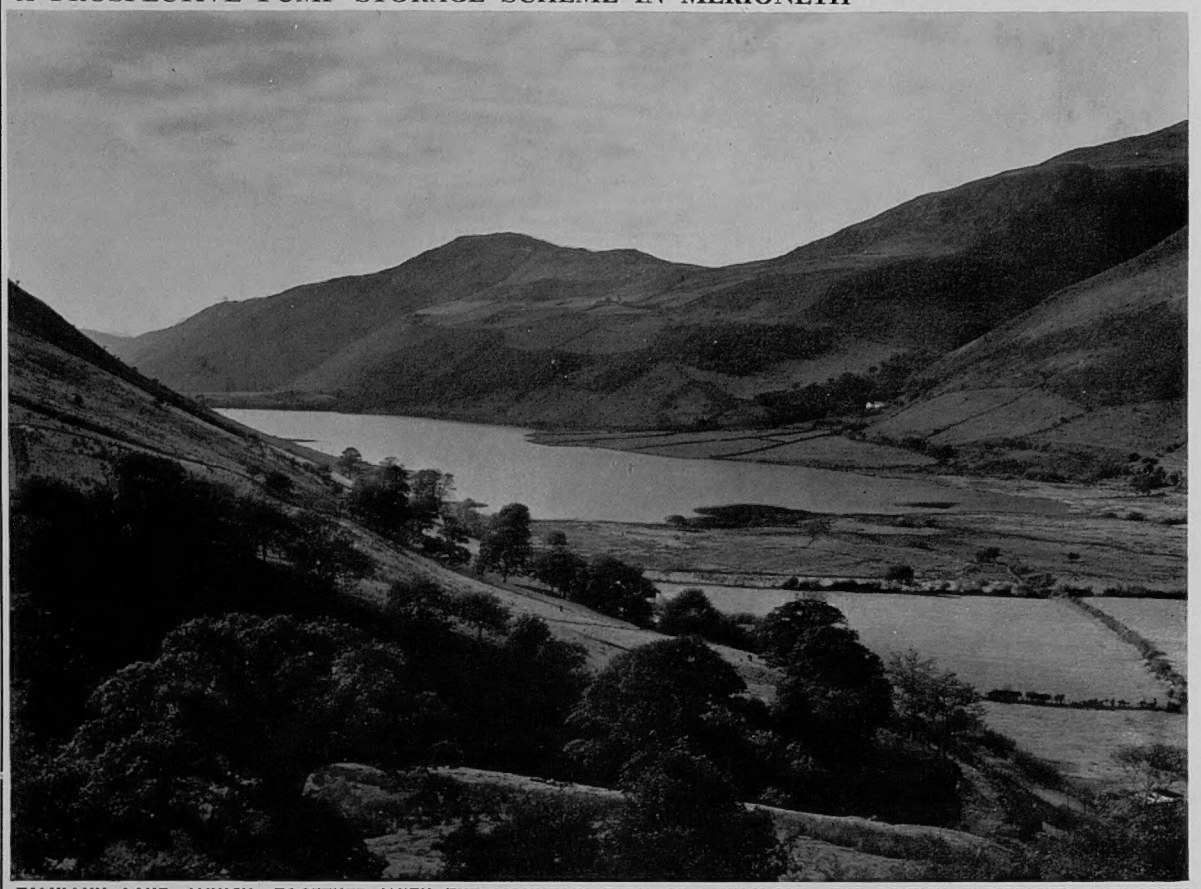
The Escaping Club.—Within twenty-four hours, six long-term and presumably dangerous convicts escaped from Strangeways prison. They chose different methods of escape. We hear a good deal of escapes from gaol nowadays, though I cannot be sure that the number of evasions is proportionately higher than it was. There are more convicts in gaol than ever before. Again, there are very few successful evasions. The escapers are usually recaptured within a few days, but the business of getting them back must be expensive and time-wasting, and escapes are sometimes dangerous for the public. Why are so many escapes apparently temporarily successful to-day? We know that there are too few warders, and that cells are far too full. We know that many prisons are antiquated and that humanitarian directives are aimed at giving prisoners greater freedom and putting convicts more and more "on their honour." Sometimes no doubt it pays to do so. Not always. Many old lags are irreclaimable and many are very intelligent, and I wonder whether the experience of escapes by prisoners of war and the large and exciting literature on that subject have stimulated break-outs and given many a wrinkle to gaol-breakers in peacetime. If so, the prison librarians should ban books on this subject.

Unpleasant.—I note with pleasure the Press Council's latest pronouncement on Sex. To judge by the attention given to "unpleasant" cases in the courts in some of our Sunday sensationals, it would be difficult to argue that certain "unpleasant" crimes and misdemeanours are on the increase because we cannot bear to face them and expose them. But undoubtedly cases of sexual perversion and other sexual crimes against the young are terribly prevalent to-day and sometimes occupy half the calendar at Quarter Sessions. Nor is it true to say that sexual perversion is largely a failing among "intellectuals." It is rife at every age and in every walk of life, as Quarter Sessions calendars prove. To-day, when every crime, from murder to shop-lifting, is put down to mental disease to be handed over to the psychiatrists for sympathetic treatment, it is natural enough that sexual perversion should be among the first to shelter under the psychiatrist umbrella. For normal people can "understand" stealing, but perversion is beyond their understanding. We do not say of a thief: "This man must be mad." We are used to it. But what we laymen think and what trained judges think and decide are not, and should not be, on identical lines of reasoning. *Their* first duty is to protect the public and the young. Accordingly, we may well gape at some of their penalties and some of the anomalies of punishment.

Natural Gas.—The gas authority has a nice balance in hand and it proposes to spend a million of it on probing for natural gas in England. I wish they were to have their first stab at it in Sussex and not in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Ever since I first visited Medicine Hat I have dreamed that one day I should wake up to find that my ugly house in West Sussex sits as a stopper on unlimited natural gas, all ready to be harnessed to the service of my kitchen, scullery, sitting- and bedrooms—free! And perhaps it is so, though I fear it is too late for me to profit. For twenty long years the electric main has stood half a mile from my house. It is still the same distance away. The Southern Utility Company and their successors have canvassed me and refused me, made promises and withdrawn them, hummed and ha-d, advanced and retreated, and kept me for ever tinkering expensively with my private batteries. Now they hope again. What hope? I have just ordered the repair of another batch of cells at £9 each. Small wonder if I dream of natural gas.

THE OLD STAGER

A PROSPECTIVE PUMP STORAGE SCHEME IN MERIONETH



TALYLLYN LAKE, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH THE MOUNTAIN TARN OF LLYN-Y-CAU, THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY PROPOSE TO USE AS PART OF A POWER PROJECT SET AMIDST SOME OF THE FINEST COUNTRY IN NORTH WALES: Talyllyn, which would serve as one of two reservoirs, seen from the east, with the slopes of Cader Idris to the right.

At the time of writing, the proposals for the new pump storage scheme in Merioneth are still in an experimental stage but the British Electricity Authority is seeking permission to sink trial borings at the foot of Cader Idris to see if such a proposal would be workable. If so, Llyn-y-Cau, which is situated at 1,500 ft. above sea-level, would be used as an upper reservoir, while Talyllyn (270 ft.) would become a lower reservoir. It is the endeavour of the British Electricity Authority that during electricity off-peak hours, when steam-generating capacity is available, water would be pumped from the Talyllyn reservoir to the upper reservoir, and at peak periods be returned through a turbo-alternator, thus adding to the electricity supplies. One purpose of the drilling of trial bores is to see whether a pumping and generating station could be built underground. If so, and if the scheme proceeds, it will be the first installation of its kind in Britain. On the other hand, however, there have been several outcries against the scheme, correspondents complaining about "exploratory" work taking place in the North Wales National Park.

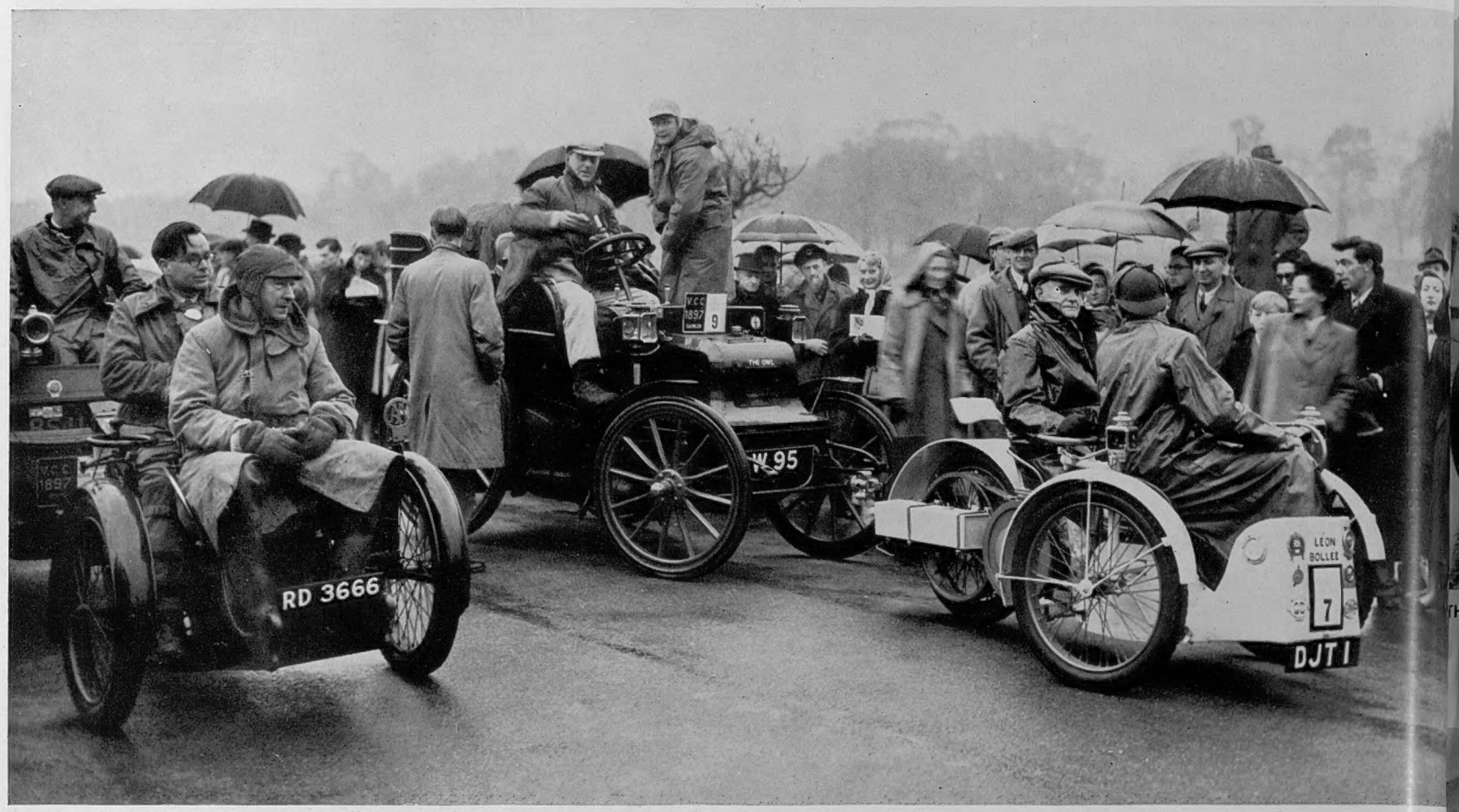
HUNTING THE COELACANTH

SCIENTIFIC CONFERENCE AT NAIROBI DISCUSSES THE "PREHISTORIC" FISH: The scientists had before them a plan to form an international expedition to find the remaining coelacanths, which are thought to be living somewhere along the East African coast, possibly near Malindi. From left to right are—Dr. E. B. Worthington, of Bukava, Congo, Secretary-General of the Scientific Council for Africa; Professor J. Millot, of Madagascar; Dr. J. F. G. Wheeler, East African Marine Fisheries Research; Dr. M. Menacke, of Madagascar, and Professor J. L. B. Smith, of Rhodes University, South Africa, who first identified the recently-discovered coelacanth

A KENTISH CASTLE WHICH IS IN THE SALE MARKET

HISTORIC SALTWOOD CASTLE, NEAR HYTHE, WHICH WILL SHORTLY BE SOLD: An aerial view of what is one of the most imposing medieval castles in Kent, the sale of which, it is expected, will be completed shortly. Saltwood Castle has for nearly thirty years been the home of the late Lady Conway, whose first husband, Mr. R. L. Lawson, restored it and made it a delightful country seat. The price of the Castle will be about £20,000.

It was at Saltwood Castle that the four knights who assassinated Thomas à Becket met to plan their crime in 1170. In the middle of the twelfth century Henry de Essex rebuilt much of Saltwood Castle, but the main part dates from the fourteenth century. About 1382 much of the Castle was rebuilt by Archbishop Courtenay of Canterbury, who made it the chief residence of the archbishops. In 1539, probably under pressure, the Castle and the estates were transferred by Archbishop Cranmer to Henry VIII. For some time afterwards it became the residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and it was about this time that Queen Elizabeth I visited the Castle. She rode from Hythe to the Castle on pillion, accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh, and dined there. Afterwards the Queen danced a saraband with Raleigh on the village green at Saltwood. A violent earthquake and neglect caused the Castle to fall into a state of dilapidation and it was not really until 1882 that the Castle was restored into a comfortable country house. Mr. R. L. Lawson became the owner in 1926, and he and his wife restored the building still further.



THE VINTAGE CARS WAIT IN THE RAIN AT HYDE PARK BEFORE STARTING OUT ON THE ANNUAL RUN TO BRIGHTON: Some of the one hundred and sixty-nine star in the Veteran Car Run seen as they were surrounded by spectators before leaving for Brighton last Sunday morning. Driving in heavy rain and hampered b vast escort of private cars, those who took part in the run had some gruelling experiences, not dissimilar to those encountered in the comedy film Genevi which was recently generally released and has proved one of the outstanding British pictures of 1953. The car Genevieve used in the film is a 1904 Da racq, it again took part in the run, arriving, true to its rather perverse film form, an hour late at Brighton. Genevieve is seen in one of the pictures on the next

TROUBLE IN THE SHADOW OF BIG BEN: The vintage 1896 Leon Bollée halted on Westminster Bridge and there was considerable difficulty in getting her going again. *On right*—Mr. Murray Austin, with pipe reversed, at the wheel of his 1900 De Dion Bouton. He is crossing Westminster Bridge in fine style.

IN THE STEPS O "GENEVIEVE"

THE VINTAGE CARS ONCE AGAIN MAKE TH ANNUAL RUN TO BRIGHTON, BUT BAD WEATH ADDS TO THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE OCCAS

T. L. ALLARD'S 1901 NAPIER: The car leaving Hyde Park at start of the journey. None of the competing cars was you than forty-nine. The rain caused havoc in ignition syst and in some cases brakes did not function adequately eit In addition, many competitors were delayed by traffic condit

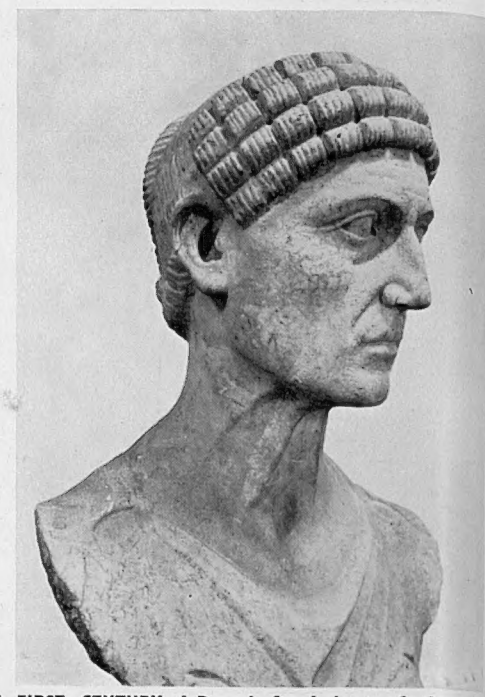
THIS WAS "GENEVIEVE" IN PERSON: Mr. Maurice Gatsonides at the wheel of the 1904 Darracq which he drove on behalf of Mr. Norman Reeves. *Genevieve* did not behave as well as she sometimes does, and was an hour overdue on reaching the finishing-line at Brighton. This was the car which put up such a mulish performance in the British comedy film, *Genevieve*.

A 1904 FIAT CHUGS PAST THE WATCHING CROWD AT HYDE PARK CORNER: Rain was falling lightly as the cars left the Park, but before they were far along the route they were in a deluge.

EQUIPPED FOR WET WEATHER, THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY DOWN THE BRIGHTON ROAD: *Left*—Captain Cullimore Allen, driving a 1902 7-h.p. Gillet Forest, seen as he neared the end of the journey. *Right*—Air Chief-Marshal Sir Alec Coryton's 1902 De Dion Bouton emerging from Hyde Park. The driver wisely wore a sou'-wester.

AS EVER, NOTHING COULD DAUNT THE SPIRIT OF THESE VETERAN CAR-DRIVERS—OR THAT IS HOW IT APPEARED TO THE ONLOOKERS WHO SAW THEM BRAVE THE RAIN: *Left*—Mr. E. P. Shaw and his passenger had a patched hood and an improvised windscreen as they endured the elements in their 1902 Beaufort. *Right*—Mr. C. F. Burton, with his 1895 Benz, which he had to assist in scooter fashion up Brixton Hill. Another driver, Mr. A. J. Bailey, had to push his Phœnix Truro up every hill after losing his bottom gear on Westminster Bridge. He manfully carried through to the end and won many a cheer from spectators lining the route.

THE FACE OF CICERO : Rome's most celebrated orator as he appears in a marble bust at the Uffizi in Florence. The bust is part of the very fine collection now being displayed by the Arts Council at their special exhibition of Roman Portrait Busts at 4, St. James's Square, London.



NOBLE ROMANS OF EXTRAVAGANT COIFFURE IN THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. : *Left*—A bust of the curly haired Domintian from the New Capitoline Museum. Portraits of Domintian are rare, since his likenesses, in common with those of Nero, were destroyed by order of the Senate after his death. *Right*—A woman of the Flavian period seen wearing a hair style typical of the time

MEN AND WOMEN OF ANCIENT ROME

THE PORTRAIT BUSTS AT THE ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION IN LONDON REVEAL WITH REMARKABLE REALISM THE FACES OF THE GREAT, THE INFAMOUS, AND THE UNKNOWN

Vipsanius Agrippa, we are told, had a terrible frown, and, not very strangely, it is found in the portrait bust of his daughter, Agrippina, and on the countenance of Caius, his grandson. There was, too, a remarkable asymmetry in the eyes of the men and women of the Julian house, and this again can be traced down to Caius.

Because of these and other consistencies we know that portraiture in the middle period of Roman history had a certain faithfulness, despite the fairly frequent lapses into idealism, and it therefore has a special fascination ; for in gazing upon these portraits nearly 2,000 years after the Cæsarean triumphs and tragedies we can truly attempt to assess the characters of the men and women who then dominated the known part of the Western world.

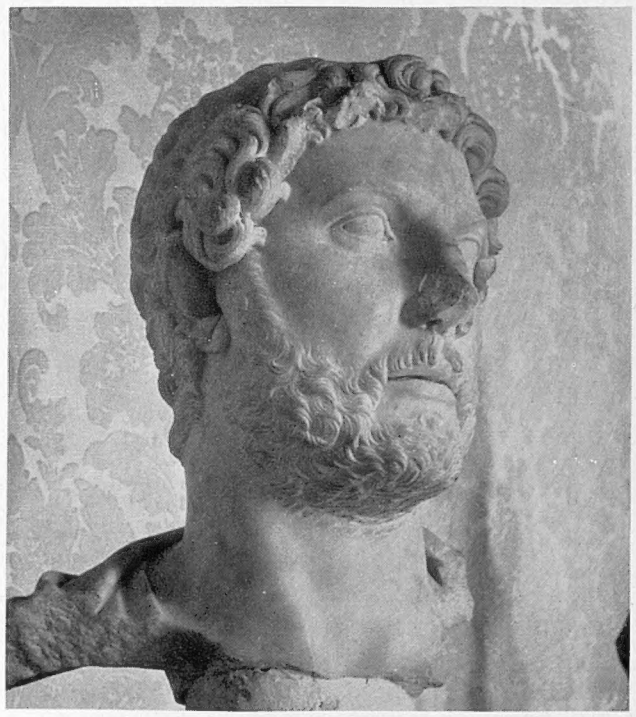
For Londoners a unique opportunity for this study presents itself with the exhibition of Roman Portrait Busts now taking place at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square. It is a grand display, and the Roman penchant for realism outweighs the idealistic lapses in the exhibition, which has been brought together by Dr. Carlo Carducci.

The sculpture shown here extends over more than 1,000 years, from an archaic head on an Italio urn of the seventh or sixth century B.C. to busts and statues of the fifth century A.D. which really represent the beginning of medieval art.

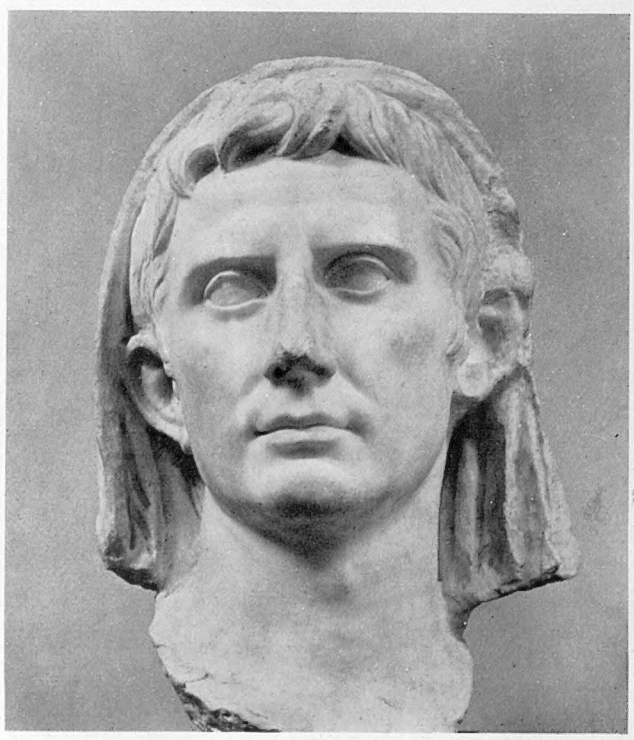
The Romans in all probability derived their passion for portraiture from the Etruscans, who modelled their gods and representatives of living men and women in clay.

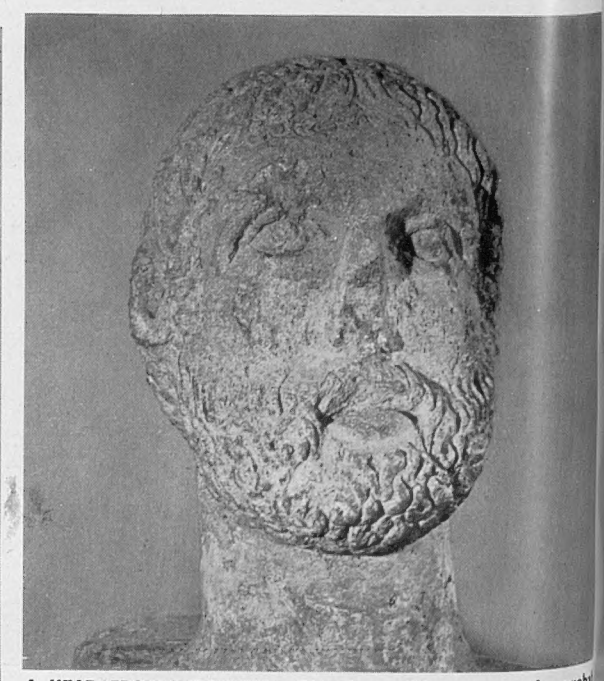
In Roman times the method of taking a cast of the human face was well understood, and Pliny says that sculptors liked to have these casts to work from. Such casts, however, were mere rough guides, and were by no means servilely copied. They did serve their purpose, however, helping the artist when his model was not sitting.

There is little doubt that even a brief study of this great gallery of portrait busts helps us to understand the characters and personal histories of the Julians and Claudians, complementing indeed the fascinating material of such authors as Pliny (he who told us that Tiberius liked brussels sprouts and sent to Germany for parsnips) or Tacitus, who specialised in retailing accounts of imperial iniquity and corruption. Professor Jocelyn Toynbee provides an admirable introduction to the exhibition catalogue, showing how the growth of belief in personal survival after death combined to lay a new emphasis upon human personality, of which the face was held to be the mirror.



NERO HELLENISED : This portrait comes from the National Museum in Rome. The hair style and whiskers are characteristic of Nero's portraits. *On left*—The head of Hadrian revealing the Greek beard, and the hair style is likewise Hellenised





A HEAD FROM TARQUINIA : This is an Etruscan work, probably of the fourth century B.C. and wrought in porous stone

***On left*—AUGUSTUS : An idealised portrait of the Emperor**

THE HEAD OF JULIUS CÆSAR WROUGHT IN MARBLE: It betokens the immense strength of purpose of this mightiest of the Roman dictators, who constructed his system of Empire on the basis of humanity and reason.

PORTRAIT OF AN ELDERLY WOMAN: This highly realistic portrait belongs to the last days of the Republic. The hair style very closely resembles that found in the portraits of the Emperor Augustus's sister, Octavia.

POMPEY THE GREAT? The original of this portrait dates from Pompey's time. The bust is probably a copy made in the early days of the Empire. It is in "the pathetic Roman style" employed in the mid-first century B.C.

LUCIUS VERUS: This is a portrait wrought in silver, and for this reason is very rare, as the Emperors were seldom portrayed in precious metals. A gold bust has been found, however, at Avenches, Switzerland, of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

ROYAL OCCASIONS

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT LIME GROVE TELEVISION STUDIOS; THE QUEEN MOTHER AT TONBRIDGE SCHOOL; AND A HERTFORDSHIRE WEDDING

THE QUEEN VISITS THE TELEVISION STUDIOS AT LIME GROVE: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at the B.B.C. Television Studios in London. Her Majesty is accompanied by Sir Alexander Cadogan, chairman of the B.B.C. Board of Governors, and (behind) General Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C. During the visit the Queen knighted Mr. George Barnes, Director of B.B.C. Television since 1950. This was the Queen's first visit to Lime Grove, and the Royal visitors watched a short play, a big variety show and the start of a panel game. Besides watching these shows, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh also took a keen interest in the technical side of televising.

THE QUEEN MEETS THE TELEVISION STARS: Her Majesty shaking hands with Sally Barnes at the B.B.C. Television Studios, which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were visiting. Other artistes in the picture are, from left to right, Bill Fraser, Pat Kirkwood, H. C. Walton and Leslie Mitchell.

THE QUILTER—CAREW POLE WEDDING WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET: The bride and bridegroom passing through a guard of honour after the ceremony at St. Mary's Church, North Mimms. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret were among the guests at this wedding of Mr. David Quilter and Miss Elizabeth Carew Pole.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER VISITS TONBRIDGE: Queen Elizabeth poses for the young cameramen at Tonbridge School during her visit on the occasion of the school's fourth centenary. She is accompanied by the Headmaster, the Rev. L. H. Waddy. *On right*—The Queen Mother inspecting a guard of honour of the Tonbridge School Combined Cadet Force on her arrival at the school, where her Majesty was welcomed by Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Kent. After the Queen Mother had opened a gateway, the Headmaster announced that at her Majesty's request the school would be granted an extra week's holiday at Christmas.

LONDON'S FREEDOM FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

A State Drive and Guildhall Ceremony for the Bestowing of the City's Highest Honour on a Member of the Royal Family

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT GUILDHALL, WHERE HER MAJESTY WAS PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY: The Royal party had driven in State in a closed landau from Buckingham Palace, escorted by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry. On arrival at Guildhall the Queen Mother was welcomed by Sir Rupert De la Bère. The Freedom of the City was presented at a special meeting of the Court of Common Council and was handed to the Queen Mother as "citizen and shipwright" by the Chamberlain of the City. In the declaration the Royal recipient was described as a "woman of good name and fame." In her speech the Queen Mother spoke of the heroism, endurance and stubborn cheerfulness of the people of London, and finished by saying: "I pledge myself anew as long as I shall live to the service of our people and country."

THE ROYAL PARTY ARRIVE AT THE MANSION HOUSE FOR LUNCHEON: The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The Queen Mother's bouquet was presented to her by Lady De la Bère at the Guildhall ceremony. Leading the procession is the City of London Sword-bearer.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE CITY: The Queen Mother, who had been cheered as she drove from Buckingham Palace, received a great ovation when she appeared on the balcony of the Mansion House.

THE CITY CHAMBERLAIN OFFERS THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP TO THE FOURTH LADY TO RECEIVE LONDON'S FREEDOM: Mr. Irving B. Gane made the presentation just after the Queen Mother had made the Freeman's Declaration and signed the Roll of Fame with a quill pen. The scene in Guildhall was recorded by television cameras. The other ladies who have received the Freedom of the City are the Queen (when Princess Elizabeth), Baroness Burdett Coutts and Florence Nightingale.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

THE TRIESTE DISPUTE; MUSIC AND HORSE-JUMPING IN NEW YORK; A PRESIDENTIAL SHOOT IN FRANCE; LAND DISTRIBUTION IN PERSIA; AND OTHER EVENTS IN PICTURES

On left—

Weeks after the announcement by the British and American Governments that their troops would withdraw from Zone A of Trieste, the controversy still rages. In Yugoslavia Marshal Tito has declared himself ready for Five-Power conferences, and has even put forward a compromise solution himself. One of his Vice-Presidents, Mr. Rankovic, has, however, continued his attacks on Italian "blackmail" and Western "Imperialism." In Italy extreme elements have been continually pressing for the return of the whole of Trieste. But the Government itself will be quite content if the Allies stand by their decision to hand over Zone A. Signor Pella somewhat magnanimously announced that he was not prepared to go to war over Trieste. Indeed, he has offered to withdraw the troop reinforcements that had been sent to the Italian-Yugoslav frontiers.

In Trieste itself preparations are well ahead for the eventual hand-over of Zone A to Italy. The last of the British Service families have left, and the heavy equipment of the Forces is being transported. Meanwhile Italian officials are making preparations to take over the Zone. They are faced not only with problems of nationality, but with economic problems and a certain amount of unemployment. But these problems are as yet purely domestic. In the international field, what is important is that the disputants are brought peacefully to the conference-table. As Mr. Eden said, in his slightly uncomfortable speech on Trieste in Parliament: "Disputes of this kind between nations which have a common interest to remain united gravely weaken the whole position of Europe."

YUGOSLAV RECRIMINATIONS ABOUT TRIESTE: Mr. Aleksander Rankovic, a Yugoslav Vice-President, addresses a meeting in Belgrade. During his speech, Mr. Rankovic once again denounced the Anglo-American decision to evacuate Zone A of Trieste, and claimed that it was a result of Italian "blackmail," and of "imperialistic expansion."

NO SEATS LEFT AT THE BULLFIGHT: Chairs fly around during a free-for-all at the new Aurora de Guatemala bullring in Guatemala City. The cause of the trouble was the cancellation of the bullfight which was to mark the opening of the arena. Some 18,000 people rushed for seats which they are alleged not to have paid for, and the entertainment was cancelled. The fans objected, and as a result extensive damage was done to the new equipment, and some twenty people received injuries.

ITALIAN TROOPS MOVE TO TAKE UP POSITIONS NEAR TRIESTE: Leading their mules loaded with arms and ammunition, Italian Alpine troops pass through a mountain hamlet near the Italian-Yugoslav border. As a result of the tension created by the decision to hand over part of Trieste to Italy, troop movements near the border have taken place both in Italy and in Yugoslavia. In order to relieve the tension, the Italian Government have offered to withdraw the troops that had been hurriedly sent to the north of Italy.

ARTURO TOSCANINI PREPARES FOR HIS SEVENTEENTH SEASON IN NEW YORK: The great conductor checks the timing of one of the works of his opening programme at a rehearsal with the N.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in New York. This will be Toscanini's seventeenth season as conductor of the orchestra. There have been doubts about his future and rumours that he would retire, for Toscanini is now in his eighty-seventh year.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA DISTRIBUTES LAND TO THE PEASANTS: An elderly peasant, with the title-deeds of the newly-presented land in his hands, goes down on his knees to thank the Shah. During a ceremony on the eve of his thirty-fourth birthday the Shah gave away fifteen acres of his huge Takestan estate to each of 1,600 peasants on a long-term payment basis. The ceremony of handing over the title-deeds was held amid much enthusiasm at the Shah's "Marble Palace" in Teheran. Shouts of "Long live the Shah and may Allah give him 120 years of life and many sons!" rang through the Palace. The Takestan estate is eighty miles north-west of Teheran. The proceeds from the instalment payments will be used to create development banks for the peasants—part of the new Government policy for them.

TWO PETROL TANKS EXPLODE NEAR RIMINI: The scene at San Giuliano a Mare, near Rimini, in southern Italy, after two large petrol tanks exploded, injuring 150 people. A truck hauling the two tanks struck a bridge and caught fire. Large crowds gathered to watch firemen deal with the flames, when the two tanks exploded. Houses all round were damaged. In the foreground are sections of the tanks after the explosion.

THE SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH JUMPING TEAM IN AMERICA: From left—Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn with Foxhunter, Miss Pat Smythe and Mr. William Hanson. The English team already has had five victories at the Pennsylvania National Horse Show. Miss Pat Smythe rode beautifully to win three competitions, despite being thrown by Tosca. Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn, on Foxhunter and Lady Jane, won two other trophies by faultless jumping. The team has received great acclaim from American spectators.

PRESIDENT AURIOL'S SHOOTING-PARTY SURVEYS THE BAG AT RAMBOUILLET: The day's bag laid out before the French President's guests in the court-yard of the Chateau de Rambouillet, his official country residence near Paris. President Auriol was entertaining what will be his last shooting-party in the Rambouillet Woods. This month his seven-year term as President of the Republic comes to an end. Among the guests at the shooting-party who were also on the balcony were Premier Laniel and Lord Norwich, the former British Ambassador to Paris.

AN UNUSUAL NEW DAM AT COBLENZ: The first of fourteen barrages for the River Moselle was recently completed at Coblenz. There is an innovation to this dam: it has a gate which does not open in the usual way, but pivots on a horizontal axis, which allows more rapid movement. This series of barrages will help to regularise the flow of the River Moselle, which is often liable to flooding. The height of the river sometimes rises so far that it threatens even the vineyards on the hills above.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

A Vast Underground Fire That Has Been Burning Below the Belgian Village of Charleroi for the Last Five Years

For the past five years the mining town of Charleroi, in Belgium, has had its own private inferno. Sixty feet below the ground on which the town is built a vast fire has been raging since 1948. This fire was first suspected when smoke issued from old coal workings. Specialists in underground fire-fighting were called and soon located the blaze, which was a large one. With special equipment the workings were flooded for a period of two months, during which 3,400 tons of water were pumped into the ground. After this the smoke disappeared and the citizens of Charleroi settled down to their everyday routine once again until it was noticed, some weeks later, that over a large area of the town the surface of the ground was becoming very hot and even indoors the heat was noticeable. A thorough investigation showed that the water which had been pumped into the workings had split the original fire into many sections instead of extinguishing it, as had been thought. For Charleroi this was the beginning of a tragedy that has lasted five years.

During the five years of the fire no effort has been spared in the attempt to extinguish it. In every part of the town, holes may be seen which have been bored by engineers and through which water is forced into the ground at high pressure. From the air, Charleroi looks rather like a miniature Venice, as all available open spaces have been flooded, and even in back gardens householders have dug their own private canals in an attempt to keep down the heat.

But efforts have been in vain: slowly, Charleroi is collapsing. One by one, houses are succumbing to the inferno raging under their floors, and their inhabitants are evacuated to neighbouring villages and towns—which is, perhaps, a good thing, as the land around the town, the produce of which used to support the citizens, is now a barren waste. There are constant checks to see if the fire is diminishing, but still it burns and Charleroi waits in vain for the day when life will return to normal.

THE MINING TOWN OF CHARLEROI, IN BELGIUM, WHERE ATTEMPTS ARE STILL BEING MADE TO EXTINGUISH AN UNDERGROUND FIRE THAT STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO: In the foreground of this picture is one of the flooded areas that are now common sights in this town. Buildings frequently succumb to the heat of the fire, and in many places the surface of the ground is so hot that workmen boil their kettles on it.

PART OF THE TOWN OF CHARLEROI THAT IS DOOMED TO BE PULLED DOWN BECAUSE OF DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE UNDERGROUND FIRE: In many cases the damage caused is not obvious, but foundations are undermined. *On right*—The shell of a shop that was gutted when its foundations caught fire.

On left—

ONE OF THE MANY CANAL SYSTEMS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN: These irrigation-like canals are part of the strenuous attempt that is being made to extinguish the fire, which began in 1948. The heat of the ground causes the water to steam and there is often a heavy mist hanging over Charleroi.

On right—

TESTING THE HEAT OF PART OF THE GROUND: A workman is seen inserting a giant thermometer into a hole. From the temperature recorded it will be decided whether a water pump is to be erected in this place.

BUILDING THE NEW WELSH AUTOBAHN

To Shorten the Route Through the Heart of Industrial South Wales

Of all the priorities in the nation's economic programme, road development has been the most neglected in the post-war years, and indeed so pressing has been (and is) the need for houses, so necessary the construction of new generating stations, that the roads have commanded little or no attention. London, in particular, can point to no major improvements, save perhaps the reorientation of Parliament Square to meet the needs of Festival of Britain traffic.

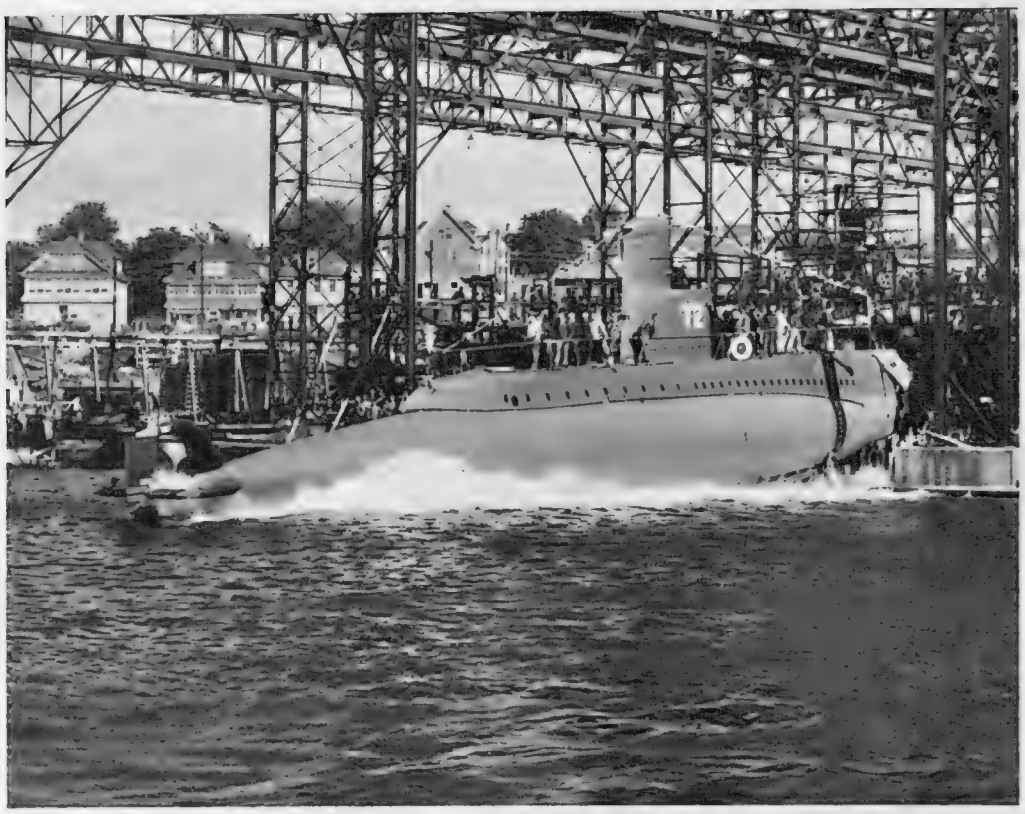
There is one bright exception, however, and that is the Jersey Marine Road now being pushed to a successful completion between Cardiff and Swansea, in the coastal belt of industrial South Wales. At a cost of £1,000,000, this great road is built in the heavy industrial area, but by-passing the towns of Neath and Skewen. It crosses the main Western Region railway and branch lines at Briton Ferry, and continues by way of an eleven-span viaduct over Briton Ferry dock area. Over the River Neath there is a high-level bridge which is 90 ft. above the high-water level, and this will allow the free passage of coastal shipping. The bridge is situated close to the £60,000,000 steel plant at Margam, Port Talbot. There is also an extension to the new road, and this is to take traffic to and from the great oil refinery at Llandarcy. The whole highway development scheme is being admirably carried through, and when completed it will mean that Newport, Cardiff and Swansea, the three great ports of South Wales, will all be properly linked, the Newport-Cardiff trunk road having been improved between the wars. When the Severn Bridge is complete, Bristol will also be linked with this highway system.

LOOKING FROM WARREN HILL ACROSS THE NEW BRIDGE SPANNING THE BRITON FERRY DOCK: This viaduct will carry the new main highway which is being built between Cardiff and Swansea. There are two large viaducts on the new road, which is to be known as the Jersey Marine Road. It is one of Britain's few post-war road improvements.

OVER THE ROOF-TOPS OF BRITON FERRY: The new viaduct seen in relation to the dock area which it spans. Briton Ferry lies just to the south-east of Neath.

THE JERSEY MARINE ROAD RUNNING ALONG THE DESOLATE COASTAL STRIP ON THE SWANSEA SIDE OF THE BRITON FERRY BRIDGE: By taking this southern route six miles are cut off the journey from Cardiff to Swansea, and a heavily-built-up area round Neath is avoided.

ELABORATE CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION WORK ON THE BRITON FERRY BRIDGE: *Left*—The tall pylons of concrete supporting the carriageway. *Right*—Looking across the River Neath from the Swansea side of the partly-completed bridge. The countryside on this main highway is full of unexpected attractions, despite the forbidding nature of the industrial scene. Across Swansea Bay lies the truly wonderful scenery of the Gower coast.

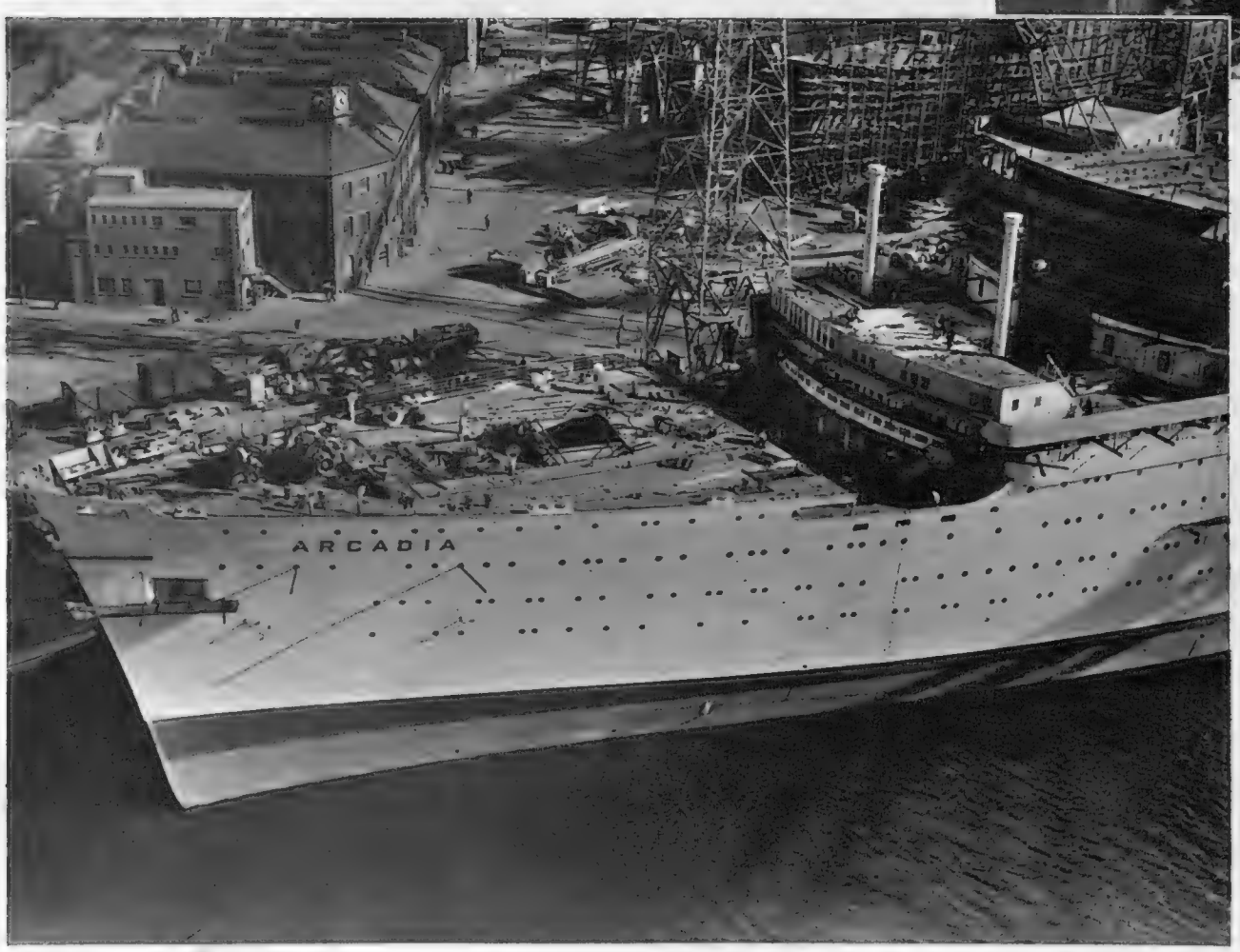


THE NEW TARGET AND TRAINING SUBMARINES TAKE THE WATER : The T 2 seen as she was launched from the Electric Boat Company's yard at Groton, Connecticut, and (*on left*) the T 1 being launched. The T class submarines, the American Navy declares, are especially designed to serve as "educated" targets for the Navy's anti-submarine air and surface forces, showing powers of eluding their pursuers. They display 250 tons and each will have a crew of two officers and twelve enlisted men. The United States is building several different kinds of submarine of an experimental character, among them an atomic-powered craft, a radar picket type and a hydrogen peroxide-powered type.

THE EDUCATED SUBMARINES

THE LAUNCH OF THE T1 AND T2 AT GROTON, CONNECTICUT, AND OTHER NEWS OF THE SEA

THE OVERSIDE LIFT CAR IS A NEW DEVICE WHICH WILL APPEAL TO THOSE WHO FIGHT SHY OF ROPE LADDERS : By means of this lift car members of the crew of the new tanker *Helix* are able to reach deck level from a barge alongside. The lift car is one of a number of new devices introduced in this vessel of the Shell fleet for the safety of personnel and for hastening turn-round at ports. The *Helix*, a vessel of 18,000 tons dead-weight, has been built at Tynemouth.



On left—

WORK NEARS COMPLETION OF THE LINER "ARCADIA" : This 28,000-ton liner for the Britain-Australia service of the P. & O., which was launched in May last and is expected to leave London on her maiden voyage next February, is seen in her fitting-out basin at John Brown's yard at Clydebank. In the *Arcadia*, Australians will see a vessel similar in most respects to the *Himalaya*, which came into service in 1949. The most striking feature at first glance will undoubtedly be the new type of funnel, which is not seen in this picture. This is designed to carry fumes and smuts well aft of the ship and prevent them from falling on the decks. Lady passengers can, therefore, wear their best summer frocks without fear. Not quite so obvious to the passenger, but, nevertheless, important in their way, are the new weight-saving metals utilised in the *Arcadia*, some of them most effective in resisting corrosion. The observation lounge at the forward end of the boat-deck and under the curved sweep of the bridge is another remarkable feature, offering a wide field of vision. In narrow seas, this may well become the most popular part of the ship.

THE OVERTURNED ARBROATH LIFEBOAT WHICH CAPSIZED WITHIN FIFTY YARDS OF LAND: The *Robert Lindsay* on the seaweed-covered rocks of the shore at Arbroath, in Forfarshire, as preparations are made to refloat it with the next tide. The Arbroath lifeboat capsized at dawn within fifty yards of the harbour when returning in heavy seas and a gale after a search for a distressed vessel. Six of the crew were drowned, and only one man was saved.

The TRAGIC LIFEBOAT ACCIDENT at ARBROATH

Six of the Crew of the "Robert Lindsay" were Killed when the Lifeboat Capsized in Heavy Gales on Returning from a Rescue Attempt

On the night of October 26 the lifeboat *Robert Lindsay* was launched from Arbroath, in Forfarshire, in heavy seas and a gale. Distress signals had been seen off the Fife coast, but neither the Arbroath lifeboat nor one from Anstruther could find any trace of the vessel, which is now believed to have been the small Dundee boat *Islandmagee*, which is presumed to have gone down with all hands.

On the way back to Arbroath the seas which the *Robert Lindsay* encountered were exceptionally heavy, and a warning was sent out that it would be dangerous to attempt to return to the harbour. For over an hour the lights of the lifeboat could be seen as it attempted to batter a way through the waves. Then, just before six o'clock in the morning, the lights disappeared. It was seen that the lifeboat had capsized, and struggling figures were discerned in the water. A rocket was fired by a coastguard, and the line caught Archibald Smith's clothing, and he was pulled to safety. Smith was the sole survivor. Three other bodies were recovered from the sea, and the coxswain, David Bruce, was found in the capsized boat, still lashed to the wheel.

The tragic loss of the lifeboat is being severely felt in Arbroath. Tributes to the courage of the crew were paid in Parliament, and the Minister of Transport announced that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution had begun an enquiry into the cause of the accident.

SEARCHING THE SHORE AFTER THE TRAGEDY: Local men searching the rocky shore after the Arbroath lifeboat had capsized. The sole survivor, Archibald Smith, was saved by a line which was fired by rocket by a coastguard, and which caught in his clothing. *On right*—Fishermen prepare to right the *Robert Lindsay*. Three bodies were recovered in the mouth of Arbroath harbour, and the body of the coxswain was found in the lifeboat.

HIGH AND DRY ON THE SHORE: The grim scene early in the morning, a few hours after the lifeboat had capsized. The lifeboat had been launched at 1 a.m. in answer to distress signals which had been seen off the Fife coast.

THE ILL-FATED LIFEBOAT AWAITS THE TIDE: Awaiting the incoming tide, the *Robert Lindsay* is once more righted. This picture shows the shattered wheelhouse, in which the coxswain, David Bruce, was found dead, still lashed to the wheel.

NEW BOMBING TECHNIQUES SHOWN IN GERMANY

A Demonstration for N.A.T.O. Officers at Sennelager, Westphalia

On left—

AN UGLY, MUSHROOM-SHAPED CLOUD HANGS OVER THE SCORCHED EARTH FOLLOWING A NAPALM-BOMB ATTACK BY VAMPIRE AIRCRAFT : This was one of the demonstrations given recently at Sennelager, Westphalia, by the Second Allied Tactical Air Force, who showed some hundreds of senior officers of all three Services from the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries the latest techniques in ground support bombing. The remarkable accuracy which can be obtained with blind bombing by aircraft controlled by radar from a ground post miles away from a target was demonstrated most convincingly. Some of the bombs dropped were fitted with a new British type of proximity fuse incorporating a radio set to make it explode at a predetermined height. A transmitter in the nose of the bomb sends out a signal which is reflected back from the ground, and the fuse can be set to detonate the bomb at the desired height to obtain the maximum fragmentation and blast effect.

OFFICERS OF THE THREE SERVICES OF THE COUNTRIES PARTICIPATING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION HAVE A GRAND-STAND VIEW OF THE DEMONSTRATION AT SENNELAGER BY THE SECOND ALLIED TACTICAL AIR FORCE: They saw a Canberra, four Venoms and a Lincoln all carrying out various bombing missions when controlled by a radar team situated eighteen miles from the target area. Knowing the position of the target and the speed of the aircraft, the team was able to tell bomb-aimers when to unload, thus ensuring almost complete accuracy even in conditions of thick fog.

A BLAZING INFERNO RESULTING FROM A VAMPIRE ATTACK: This was another of the spectacular results of the bombing seen at Sennelager. *On left*—A petrol dump, situated about 2,000 yards from the spectators, burns after an attack by Venoms.

A NEW LIBRARY in OLD EDINBURGH

This Week the Duke of Edinburgh Opened the New Scottish Central Library in Lawnmarket

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACKAY

In one of the old and historic Courts on the fringe of Edinburgh Castle the seal has been set by the Duke of Edinburgh this week on an imaginative scheme for book distribution throughout Scotland. The surroundings of the new Scottish Central Library are steeped in history, but the interior of the building lacks nothing in the way of modern and practical design.

The Scottish Central Library, whose new premises in Fisher's Court, Edinburgh, the Duke of Edinburgh was due to open this week, is not a public library in the ordinary sense. It will not have a lending department, and will not include features such as public reading-rooms. Its function is rather to act as a clearing-house for Scottish libraries, and to be able to place urgently-wanted books at the disposal of readers in any part of the country.

The Library started as a book depot in Dunfermline, and from that beginning the scheme was developed whereby this central library met local demands as they arose. The makeshift accommodation, however, soon made the organisers look about for better premises, and in 1947 the derelict buildings at Fisher's Court, in Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, were chosen as the site for the new library.

Fisher's Court was built in 1699, and is one of the many historic small courts that crowd together along the route from the Castle to Holyrood Palace. Its immediate neighbours, somewhat better preserved, are the historic Brodie's Close and Riddle's Close. Fisher's Court itself has been scheduled as an historic monument, and every care was taken during the reconstruction in the past three years to preserve as far as possible the outside fabric and the façade of the building. Inside, however, Fisher's Court was in a ruinous state, and this gave the architects a splendid opportunity for building a library which would meet all requirements. The store-rooms are simple and practical, and are built throughout in steel and concrete. The Library has all the latest equipment, including a photographic room for recording purposes.

The cost of the new building, £50,000, was met by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, which was solely responsible for the administration of the Scottish Central Library until 1948. Responsibility for the Library has recently been transferred to new trustees, who are *ex officio* the principals of the four Scottish universities.

At present there are some 30,000 books at Dunfermline, and the Scottish Central Library effects some 16,000 exchanges each year. But in their new premises there will be enough room to increase the stock of books to 120,000. Within a stone's throw of the new premises are the National Library of Scotland and the Edinburgh City Library, and in a building reconstructed in modern form on an historic site, the Scottish Central Library will in every sense be able to act as a centre of co-operation among the libraries of Scotland.

FISHER'S COURT, IN EDINBURGH, WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH OPENED AS THE NEW SCOTTISH CENTRAL LIBRARY: The centre building is Fisher's Court. It was once the site of the town mansion of the Buccleuch family. On the left is Brodie's Close, named after the notorious Deacon of the eighteenth century whose double life inspired the play by W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. On the right is Riddle's Close, once the home of David Hume, the Scottish philosopher and historian. In the distance on right is St. Giles' Cathedral.

THE BUILDING FOR THE NEW LIBRARY IN HISTORIC SURROUNDINGS: The west side of the reconstructed building of the Scottish Central Library, as seen from the court of Riddle's Close. The archway to the right leads to the historic mansion of Bailie Macmorran. Apart from necessary cleaning and restoration, the façade of the old building in Fisher's Court has remained unaltered.

THE NEW MODERN INTERIOR FOR THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE: One of the book store-rooms in the Central Library's new premises. The house was built in 1699 and has now been scheduled for preservation. The interior has been entirely reconstructed in steel and concrete. Inset, right—The original stair tower of Fisher's Court, which can now be used as an emergency exit. On each floor it is fitted with a fireproof self-closing door.

A RED-COAT CAVALRY OFFICER RECONNOITRES THE LAND BEFORE ATTACKING THE REBEL HIGHLANDERS : This was one of the scenes shot during the making of Walt Disney's new all-live action Technicolor film, *Rob Roy*, in which some 400 troops of the 1st Battalion the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders took part. *Rob Roy* was chosen for last week's Royal Command Film Show.

FILM-MAKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

This Year, Quite Suddenly, the Film-makers Have Turned Their Eyes Northwards Across the Border, and Four Major Films with Scottish Backgrounds Have Been Put into Production

By FORSYTH HARDY

FOR weeks on end in the Highlands this summer you were more likely to see a movie camera than a stag. It was a common enough experience to motor along a Highland road and suddenly find yourself in the midst of a large-scale film operation, with a motley paraphernalia of cameras, cables, costumes, lighting gear, cars, lorries, pack-horses, technicians and—greatly outnumbered—the players who are the cause of it all. Units descended on small villages and, for a week or more at a time, transformed life for everyone, from the hotel manager to the local postman, from the landowner who lent his mansion for interiors to the ghillie who found a new kind of Sassenach employment in keeping the film-makers away from inconvenient bogs and awkward cliffs.

A movie invasion of this kind has long been expected in Scotland. There have been hints of the attractions the country held for the cinema men in such films as *The Edge of the World*, *I Know Where I 'm Going*, *The Brothers* and *Whisky Galore!*; it has always seemed to Scots that their country had an irresistibly rich profusion of backgrounds in a conveniently small space. In addition to the obvious broad contrasts between Highlands and Lowlands, there are the widely varied effects within these areas, while the long arms of the sea stretching inland can produce sudden and strangely beautiful vistas. It has seemed puzzling, therefore, that more of this beauty has not been properly exploited in a pictorial medium like the cinema.

This year, quite suddenly, the film men have turned their eyes northwards. It may be that the need for the kind of spectacular background the television cameras cannot match may have had something to do with the move. It may have been merely accident or coincidence. Whatever the reason, or combination of reasons, four major films have been, or are being, made with Scottish locations, and as many more are planned to go into production during the next six months.

READY TO TAKE UP BATTLE STATIONS : Clansmen gathered round the camera as assistant director Gordon Scott detailed their battle positions during the shooting of *Rob Roy*.

The first of the Scottish-located films to reach the screen is *Rob Roy*, Walt Disney's Technicolor production, which was chosen for the Royal Film Performance on October 26. Preparations for this film, probably the most ambitious so far located in Scotland, began early in the year, when the unit director, Alex Bryce, and the art director, Carmen Dillon, visited the Aberfoyle area in search of suitable backgrounds. Most of the settings they wanted they found in the hills above Loch Ard and to the south of Ben Lomond—the traditional Rob Roy country which is still as rugged as it was in his day.

When the main unit arrived towards the end of March the locations had been arranged, and on a rocky mound overlooking a pocket in the hills the carpenters had built a fort whose granite-like walls and turrets looked as if they had been there for centuries. This fort and the boggy hollow beyond form the setting of some of the film's most spectacular scenes, especially a pitched battle between the Highlanders and the Regulars, fought to the accompaniment of the roaring of cannon and the rattle of musket fire. The fighting was done by men of the Argyll and Sutherland

(*Continued on following page*)

On left—

CONJURING UP THE NOVA SCOTIAN SCENE : The search posse rides through the forests surrounding Glen Affric, in Inverness-shire, for an important sequence in the new Pinewood production, *The Kidnappers*, which was partly filmed in this delightful Highland spot. The film is an adaptation of Neil Paterson's short story *Scotch Settlement*, which describes an episode in the life of the settlers in Nova Scotia at the turn of the century. Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson and Adrienne Corri head the cast of this fine adventure film.

Below—

CLIMB TO SAFETY : Theo Bikel climbs the mountainside with injured Vincent Winter and Jon Whiteley in this scene from *The Kidnappers*, which was partly shot in Glen Affric. *The Kidnappers* was produced by Sergei Nolbandov and Leslie Parkyn and directed by Phil Leacock at Pinewood. The two child actors had a grand time on location, and when they were not facing the cameras they were engaged in building dams in the burns of Glen Affric and Glen Moriston.

FILM-MAKING IN THE HIGHLANDS

(Continued from previous page)

Highlanders, some of them veterans of Korea, and on the screen it should have a vigour rather more realistic than the imitation of film extras.

Normally the rainfall in and around Aberfoyle is enough to meet the needs of Glasgow's 1,250,000 population, supplied from near-by Loch Katrine. This spring, however, the weather was fine and sunny, and when I visited the unit on location, Alex Bryce told me that in three weeks they had taken as many shots as they took in two months on *Robin Hood*. When large numbers of players, extras and technicians are involved, the tempo of production becomes an important economic factor. Later, the weather became more fickle; but the director told me that, with a flexible schedule, they could exploit the changes. One of the scenes, for example, is the funeral of Rob Roy's mother, whose body is borne by barge to a burial-ground on a wooded arm of land jutting into Loch Ard. For this scene it was highly appropriate to have dark clouds massed above the encircling ring of rugged hills; and the scene was shot on a day which produced exactly the right conditions.

For such moments studio imitation is no substitute. There is a feeling arising from the real thing which no expertise in working with lathe and plaster and paint can produce. It is a feeling which the players, more uncomfortable though they certainly are when working on location, recognise when the film reaches the screen. I found agreement on this point among both director and players at Aberfoyle. Delays while the sun is emerging from behind a seemingly immobile cloud can be tantalising and great inroads are made on patience; but the rewards for the director who can restrain fretfulness are considerable.

In its story Walt Disney's *Rob Roy* does not owe much to the genius of Walt Scott. The script was written by Lawrence Watkyn, author of Disney's *Robin Hood* and *The Sword and the Rose*, who claims to have gone direct to history for his material. The central figures in the conflict at the heart of the story are Rob Roy and the Duke of Argyll. Cattle-stealing, one of Rob Roy's chief pastimes, is introduced only incidentally, and I understand that at the end of the tale he becomes sufficiently respectable to make an appearance at Court. Imagination as well as research has gone into the story.

For some so-called location films the leading players never leave the studios where the interiors are shot; but at different times at Aberfoyle I met all the chief players in *Rob Roy*. Richard Todd, in action from the first day, has the leading part, and James Robertson Justice plays the Duke of Argyll. Glynis Johns plays Helen Mary MacGregor, Finlay Currie is her uncle, Hamish MacGregor, and Michael Gough plays the Duke of Montrose. Among the Scottish players with parts in the film are Jean Taylor-Smith and Archie Duncan.

Since I write before the film has been shown, I can make no comment on its quality. It is no small distinction to have earned selection for so important an occasion as the Royal Film Performance, and it would be pleasant to think that the Scottish backgrounds have helped.

Not long after peace had come again to Aberfoyle with the departure of the *Rob Roy* unit, another company of film men arrived in the Highlands, this time much further west, at the isolated Argyll village of Crinan, on the Sound of Jura. Here the Ealing Studios unit, with Alexander Mackendrick directing, began their work on *Highland Fling*, the film about the puffers, those small, chunky, flat-bottomed cargo-vessels which ply between the Clyde and the Western Isles.

THE BODY OF LADY GLENGYLL IS BORNE ACROSS THE LOCH : This is one of the scenes in the Walt Disney film *Rob Roy*. In the bows of the funeral craft is Hugh the Piper (played by Russell Waters).

Most Scots have seen those quaint little craft at one time or another as they have been holidaying in Arran or Islay, or one of the more distant isles. They enter a small bay at high tide and are beached on the hard sand, over which the carts trundle at low tide for their loads of coal or other goods. I can recall few more picturesque sights. Most Scots, too, are familiar with the work of Neil Munro, who immortalised the puffers in his Para Handy stories.

As the director must now be rather weary of repeating, *Highland Fling* is not based on Neil Munro's stories, although, like them, it exploits the quaintness of the puffer, "aal hold, with the boiler behind, four men and a derrick, and a watter-butt and a pan loaf in the fo'c'sle." It is the tale of a high-powered American business-man whose furnishings for the castle he has purchased in the Western Isles are accidentally shipped in an old puffer instead of in the regular cargo-ship. His efforts to rectify the error and to ensure the cargo's safe transit involve him in a series of adventures which ultimately show him that he has much to learn from the philosophy of the unhurried Scots. It promises a clash of temperaments and a conflict of character and, since Mr. Mackendrick was also the director of *Whisky Galore !*, some delightful comedy.

When I visited Crinan I found that the creation of a comic mood was proving a harder task than usual. To the normal hazards of the weather there was added the problem of ever-changing tides and wind, making it difficult to match shots which, in a single sequence of time in the film, might be taken over several days. Inevitably, when the tide was right the sky would be wrong. The few minutes when all the elements were in harmony must have seemed tantalisingly short to the director. Yet with patience, resource and tireless energy, he obtained his effects. As a constant encouragement there was the picturesque setting: the double basin, with its two sets of locks curving into

THE RENEGADE PUFFER-BOAT PURSUES ITS WAY SHADOWED BY A BIPLANE: This is a scene from the Ealing Studio film *Highland Fling*, a lighthearted story of one of the old, flat-bottomed "puffer" boats which chug their way from the Clyde to the Western Islands. Paul Douglas has the role of an American business executive who, having valuable material to be taken to one of the islands where he has purchased a castle, accidentally finds that he has chartered a puffer-boat instead of a modern cargo-vessel. His efforts to rectify the error, and the determination of the puffer-boat skipper to complete the trip, lead the American into incredible adventures.

the wooded hillside, making a picturesque pattern of wall and waterway. Lying round the bend was the puffer, waiting to play its part in the scene. At the end of a pier erected by the unit at Crinan was a group of Highland cattle, whose great, patient eyes, rounder than ever with astonishment at the man-made madness on shore, will form one of my permanent recollections of Crinan.

Later, the unit crossed the Sound of Jura to Islay, whose many bays and piers provided the maximum number of suitable locations in the smallest possible space. The pier at Bruichladdich provided the setting for one of the key scenes in the film—a reunion to celebrate the hundredth birthday of a puffer skipper. It is in this scene that the American business-man, played by Paul Douglas, begins to understand Scotland and the Scots. Other scenes have been shot on the Clyde and in Glasgow, from whose Citizens' Theatre several of the players have been drawn.

Its setting amidst the sea lochs and islands of the western coast should contribute much to the flavour and character of *Highland Fling*. In the third of the major films made in Scotland the background has been used to represent not Scotland, but Nova Scotia. *The Kidnappers* is an adaptation of Neil Paterson's short story, *Scotch Settlement*, which describes an episode in the life of the Scots settlers in the Royal province at the turn of the century. It has been made partly at Pinewood and partly on location in Glen Affric, in Inverness-shire. The author and the director, Philip Leacock (who made that fine Scottish film *The Brave Don't Cry*), spent a month together in Nova Scotia, visiting typical small communities and talking to the people, and Glen Affric was chosen as most nearly corresponding to what they found.

The story, standing a little apart from the stream of everyday film-making, concerns a backwoods community in Cape Breton, where two small boys arrive from Scotland to stay with their grandparents and their aunt, and find themselves in the midst of warring elements beyond their childish understanding. When their grandfather, who has eyes "sharp as a woodcock for wrong-doin'," refuses to allow the boys to keep a dog, the boys find an object for their starved affection in a baby they kidnap. The baby is found and concealed in the woods. The kidnapping scenes were among the most important filmed in the pine- and beach-clad slopes of Glen Affric, and there were other locations in Glen Moriston. The two small boys are played by Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who had the time of their lives in the woods and hills round Glen Affric. In the inevitable periods of waiting they amused themselves by building miniature hydro-electric schemes in the burns which, this summer, were seldom in danger of drying out. Duncan Macrae, best known to his fellow Scots as an actor in comedy, has his first major film part as the stern, unrelenting grandfather, and the other players in a film which promises an unusual experience are Jean Anderson and Adrienne Corri.

Glen Affric is also the setting for the fourth major Scottish film, *Trouble in the Glen*, an adaptation of Maurice Walsh's novel, directed by Herbert Wilcox. One of the most successful films of recent years was made on location in Ireland from Walsh's *The Quiet Man*, and the new film, by the same company, is an attempt to repeat the success in a Scottish setting. In its adapted version the hero is an American returning to the glen he visited while on service during the war, but the trouble, involving a clash with a high-spirited girl of Spanish-Scottish descent, is still very much the same. This part is being played by Margaret Lockwood, and the commencement of the film has been delayed while Herbert Wilcox, in Hollywood, has been arranging for an American player to appear opposite her. The film promises light romantic comedy, with a strong lacing of rumbustious action.

One other large unit paid a fugitive visit to Scotland during the year, although a certain air of mystery surrounds its activities. The film is *Prince Valiant*, produced by 20th Century-Fox and directed by Henry Hathaway, and to obtain shots against picturesque backgrounds for its story of a fugitive Viking prince from Denmark given sanctuary by King Arthur, the unit moved in a great cavalcade by coaches, trucks and vans across Britain, from Loch Alsh in the north-west to Norwich in the south. In Scotland there were two locations, one at Eilean Donan Castle, in Loch Alsh, and the other at Braemar. Despite its size, the unit seemed to attract the minimum of attention as it moved through the country: it made lightning strikes, like a Panzer column. I did not see it in action, although at Crinan I did see a Viking ship (adapted from a lifeboat) on its way to Loch Alsh for the scenes there. Alnwick Castle and Caernarvon were two of the other scheduled points of call for this strange unit.

The other major Scottish story films are at various stages of preparation. *Campbell's Kingdom*, the adaptation of the Hammond Innes' novel describing a conflict between oil prospectors and hydro-electric engineers, is planned for production in the Affric-Mullardoch area towards the end of the year. It might have been made in February, but the absence of snow, essential for the exteriors, made this impossible. The story has a Canadian setting, but Glen Affric, accommodating as always, provides the right atmosphere.

Geordie, the adaptation of David Walker's novel, is to be made at Braemar. Its production has been held up for a year or two while Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat have been looking for a suitable actor to play the powerfully-built young Scot. Another adaptation of a much-admired novel will be *Morning Tide*, from Neil Gunn's story of a Highland boyhood. This sensitive story will make exacting demands on director and players. In prospect also for next year is an adaptation of Compton Mackenzie's *The Monarch of the Glen*, the first production of the Scottish film company, Albyn Films, of which the novelist is a director.

In production or in prospect, these films suggest a belated discovery by the cinema men of the richly varied beauty of Scotland, where great tracts still present an unspoilt background for the cameras.

THE PUFFER-BOAT STEAMS SLOWLY UP THE CRINAN CANAL: The reprobate little craft, which is the real hero of the film *Highland Fling*, negotiating a picturesque stretch of the route carrying its precious cargo. The film exploits to the full the quaintness of the puffer, the boat which is "aal hold, with the boiler behind." The film has been directed by Alexander Mackendrick, who made the ever-memorable "Whisky Galore!"

FILM-MAKING ON THE ISLE OF ISLAY: *Left*—The American business-man (Paul Douglas) meets the Wee Boy (Tommy Kearins), who pretends not to recognise him. *Right*—The business-man in another moment in the filming of *Highland Fling*, which deals with the rich American's efforts to ensure the safe transit of his cargo.

THE BATTLE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE—JUPITER, WITH SIR GORDON RICHARDS UP, IS SEEN IN THE LEAD AS THE HORSES PASS THE WINNING-POST: Next to Jupiter are King of the Tudors (nearer the camera), which came in second, and Fair Colleen, who ran third. Jupiter is owned by Lord Lambton and was trained by Mr. P. Beasley.

SIR GORDON WINS THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE

A New Play by Agatha Christie; an Exhibition of Chinese Art; an Aircraft Crash and a Train Crash; The Fate of the R.R.S. "Discovery"; and Other Home News in Pictures

On left—

Although 1953 has not been a record year for Sir Gordon Richards, it will no doubt be one that he will not forget easily. During it he rode his first Derby winner and now comes his first Cambridgeshire winner. Once again the race went according to form; the winner was a three-year-old and carried an average weight. Two hours of rain before the start made the going very soft, but as the tapes went up a weak autumn sun came out to allow the crowd to follow the race with reasonable success. Kithyra, who had been much favoured in the days previous to the race, failed to act on the ground, and it was Sir Gordon and Jupiter who were the first to pull on the better ground past the Bushes, and to finish with characteristic energy.

The horses to come in second and third places were also drawn high numbers. King of the Tudors, owned by Mr. F. W. Dennis and ridden by K. Gethin, was second, and Fair Colleen, ridden by J. Sime, came in third. The Queen's horse, Choir Boy, did well until the Bushes were reached, but failed in the finish.

AGATHA CHRISTIE IN COURT AT THE OLD BAILEY: The well-known authoress of detective novels and plays is seen during a rehearsal of her play, *Witness for the Prosecution*, which is now running at the Winter Garden Theatre. Amid scenery painted to resemble the No. 1 Court at the Old Bailey is Percy Marmont, who plays the part of a judge. Seated at the table in the foreground is Milton Rosmer, who plays the part of a solicitor, and behind him stand Derek Blomfield (the accused) and Pat Jessel (his wife). In the background are the two Q.C.s for the defence, David Horne and D. A. Clarke-Smith. The play, which is already proving popular, takes the audience into the court at the Old Bailey and there displays the many human reactions that are found during a murder trial. After the trial has ended and there seems no more to be said about the crime, Miss Christie gives the plot a typical and surprising "twist."

SIR GERALD KELLY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW FOUNTAIN IN SLOANE SQUARE: Seated to the left of Sir Gerald is Miss M. K. Cook, the Mayor of Chelsea, and on his right is Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., who designed the fountain. The relief design on the bronze vase of the fountain commemorates two people who were intimately connected with Chelsea—King Charles II and Nell Gwynn. The fountain was presented by the Royal Academy of Art.

On left—

AN EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART FROM CHINA: Mrs. Lydia Fang, of Hong Kong, is seen admiring the detail of the "Crab Apple," which was painted by Professor Chao Shao-an, who is with her in the picture. Professor Shao is said to be one of the most important modern Chinese painters, and his pictures are now on show at the Marlborough Gallery in Old Bond Street, London. Mrs. Fang is a pupil of the Professor and also has some work in the exhibition. Professor Shao's unique qualities as a painter have won him renown in the Far East and, together with his pupil, he has held many exhibitions in China, Malaya and Japan. In Singapore every picture was sold.

THE GAPING HOLE LEFT BY A METEOR FIGHTER WHICH CRASHED AND EXPLODED ON THE CASTLE HILL HOUSING ESTATE NEAR IPSWICH : Over eighty houses within a radius of a quarter of a mile were damaged when the aircraft crashed. Although many children were on holiday on the estate at the time, there were only a few minor casualties. The pilot of the aircraft, Flight-Lieut. G. W. Hill, was killed. Immediately after the accident, the Ipswich housing authorities made arrangements for two families whose homes had been demolished by the crash to move into two other houses which had only just been completed.

FALLEN MASONRY IN BAYSWATER : This was the scene after twenty yards of cornice, 50 ft. high, had fallen from some Victorian houses in Queensborough Terrace, Bayswater. As the masonry fell, it caught some scaffolding that had been put up in order to effect repairs to the houses, and brought this down too. The porches of three houses in the terrace were also torn down. No one was hurt in the accident, but four people had very narrow escapes. Three of them were workmen who were engaged in the repairs. The car seen in this picture also received considerable damage.

BEFOAMED IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE : This launch, which looks as if it is ice-bound, is, in fact, merely on the River Avon at Tewkesbury, and the "ice" is foam. There were several cases earlier this year when rivers started to foam, and in nearly every instance the phenomenon was traced to a factory on the river discharging waste matter. But there are no factories up-river from Tewkesbury and investigators have had to look elsewhere for the explanation. It is thought that foam might arise from climatic conditions.

A TOURING CIRCUS VISITS AN EAST LONDON HOSPITAL : Animals and members of Chipperfield's Circus give a special performance for patients of Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow. At the time of the visit the Circus was fulfilling a two-week engagement under a specially-erected "big top" alongside the River Lea, on the Leyton-Clapton border.

DISMANTLING CAPTAIN SCOTT'S SHIP, R.R.S. "DISCOVERY" : This striking picture of the *Discovery* was taken during her last days on the Victoria Embankment, where she has been a familiar sight to Londoners for many years. Until recently, the *Discovery*, in which Captain Scott journeyed to the South Pole, had been used by the Boy Scouts' Association as a training-ship. The ship is to be towed to the London Graving Dock at Poplar, where a careful examination will be made of the under-water parts of the hull.

THE GLASGOW TO COLCHESTER EXPRESS WHICH JUMPED THE RAILS AT GOSWICK, NEAR BERWICK : Although the train was travelling at over sixty miles an hour at the time of the accident, which happened at night, no one was injured. The engine came off the rails and travelled for about 200 yards before coming to a standstill a few yards from a ditch at the edge of the track. The engine toppled over as it came to rest, but the following coaches did not overturn and were not damaged.

THREE GREAT SEASONS AT STRATFORD

The Fine Productions of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre 1951-53 are Attractively Recalled in a Book of Photographs by Angus McBean

MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS KING RICHARD: The first production of the 1951 season of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was *Richard II*, produced by Anthony Quayle.

DOLL TEARSHEET AT STRATFORD: Heather Stannard in Michael Redgrave's production of *Henry IV, Part II*. The scenery and costumes were by Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

RICHARD BURTON EMERGES IN THE FRONT RANK IN 1951: Richard Burton with Hazel Penwarden in *The Tempest*. In 1951 Richard Burton played Prince Hal and Henry V.

MARGARET LEIGHTON AND RALPH RICHARDSON IN "THE TEMPEST": Ariel and Prospero in Michael Benthall's 1952 production.

"FORBEAR, FOUL RAVISHER! LIBIDINOUS SWINE!": Ralph Richardson, Siobhan McKenna and Peter Halliday in *Volpone*, the only non-Shakespearean production by the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in the past three seasons.

ANTHONY QUAYLE PLAYS CORIOLANUS: Siobhan McKenna as Virgilia and Anthony Quayle in Glen Byam Shaw's 1952 production.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA ON TOUR: Anthony Quayle and Barbara Jefford in the production of *Othello*, which was one of the plays taken on tour by the Company to Australia and New Zealand.

THIS YEAR'S "TAMING OF THE SHREW": Petruchio (Marius Goring) and Kate (Yvonne Mitchell) in the Stratford production. "She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, My household stuff, my field, my barn, My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything."

AN EXCITING "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA": Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft in Glen Byam Shaw's production at Stratford this year. Their thrilling performance was well supported by Marius Goring.

Three wonderful seasons are recalled and recorded in *Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, 1951-53* (Max Reinhardt, 18s.), which was published this week. This attractive volume is a photographic record of the Theatre's last eighteen productions, and Angus McBean's pictures, some of which are reproduced on this page, provide a beautiful and worthy record of the achievements of a distinguished company of actors, producers and scenic designers. To this is added a lively and entertaining critical analysis by Ivor Brown.

1951 was Festival Year, and it was festival fare that was planned and provided by Anthony Quayle and his company. It was decided to produce the cycle of four historical plays—*Richard II*, the two parts of *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*. The purpose of these productions was to provide a historical, literary and dramatic continuity. One of the triumphs of the season was without a doubt the performance of Richard Burton as, first, Prince Hal and then Henry V. This was Burton's first season in the front rank of theatre, and his subtle performances gave this accomplished actor a fine reputation. It is in some measure a tribute to him that he was not overshadowed by Anthony Quayle's deeply-discerning Falstaff. The Festival season ended in a sumptuous production of *The Tempest* by Michael Benthall, with Michael Redgrave and Richard Burton in the leading roles, and luxurious settings and costumes by Loudon Sainthill.

1952 was set a difficult task in following close upon such a season, but what it lacked in good notices it made up in a rich variety of productions. Glen Byam Shaw, who had joined Anthony Quayle at the Memorial Theatre, daringly and successfully produced *Coriolanus*. Anthony Quayle himself succeeded in playing the seldom-rewarding title-role in a manner which one critic described as nothing short of magnificent. Siobhan McKenna, who joined the company that year, played Virgilia, in John Gielgud's production of *Macbeth*, Ralph Richardson and Margaret Leighton both gave remarkable performances in the leading roles. The only non-Shakespearean venture during the last three years was Jonson's *Volpone*, with Ralph Richardson in the title-role.

This year the Theatre broke fresh ground. They divided their talented resources, and while one half of the company was enjoying another brilliant season at Stratford, the other, under the leadership of Anthony Quayle, recently completed a most successful tour of Australia and New Zealand. The dramatic highlight of this tour was Quayle's production of *Othello*, in which he starred with Barbara Jefford. They also played *As You Like It* and *Henry IV, Part I*, and were enthusiastically received throughout the two countries.

While this enterprise was afoot, Glen Byam Shaw was in charge at Stratford, where again a rich variety of theatre was served up, most notably *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which Peggy Ashcroft gave a tremendous and memorable performance. The play has now come to London, and will make a short tour of the Continent next month. Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft played Shylock and Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, while Marius Goring made an interesting Crookback in *Richard III* and an ebullient Petruchio in George Devine's *Taming of the Shrew*, in which Yvonne Mitchell was successful as Kate. The season ended with a worthy production of *King Lear*. This last season at Stratford was one memorable in that the leading actors and actresses successfully tackled parts which the critics predicted were not theirs.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has seen good times and bad. Nowadays it is always thronged to near capacity. These past three seasons show that the theatre is at the crest of success, and give a pleasurable thrill of expectation to the thousands who flock to the shrine on the Avon next year and in years to come.

"THE SLEEPING PRINCE"

Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh Make a Welcome Return to the London Stage in Terence Rattigan's New Comedy at the Phœnix Theatre

"THE SLEEPING PRINCE" AT THE PHŒNIX THEATRE: A scene from Terence Rattigan's new comedy which opened in London this week. From left are Baroness Brunheim (Daphne Newton), Elaine Dagenham, an American actress (Vivien Leigh), the Grand Duke Charles, Prince Regent of Carpathia (Laurence Olivier), and his wife, the Grand Duchess Charles (Martita Hunt). At the Carpathian Legation the Grand Duke is seen investing Elaine Dagenham with the Royal Carpathian Order of Perseverance, Second Class.

THE OLIVIERS TOGETHER AGAIN IN LONDON: Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh at the Phœnix Theatre in *The Sleeping Prince*, which Sir Laurence Olivier himself directs. This charming Ruritanian fantasy marks Miss Leigh's return to the stage after her illness earlier this year.

This week Sir Laurence Olivier and his wife, Miss Vivien Leigh, made a welcome return to the London stage in Terence Rattigan's new comedy, *The Sleeping Prince*. This light Ruritanian fantasy is sub-titled "An Occasional Fairy Tale," and there is something dream-like about Sir Laurence Olivier's production at the Phœnix Theatre. The stage is set for a young American actress (Vivien Leigh) to be trapped in the Carpathian Legation in the London of the Coronation Year of 1911. The Grand Duke (Laurence Olivier) has schemes afoot which are soon parried and frustrated by the beautiful actress. Sir Laurence speaks with a Carpathian accent, and Miss Leigh, with blonde hair, manages her American dialect admirably. A feature of the production are the delightful settings and costumes by Roger Furse, and Vivian Ellis has contributed music to the play.

GAMBLING AND KISSING AT THE CARPATHIAN LEGATION: King Nicholas VIII of Carpathia (Jeremy Spenser) tries to convince Elaine that the bet on his hand is justified. He is playing with Princess Louisa (Nicola Delman) at the Carpathian Legation in London. *On right*—The Grand Duke finds his young son, the King, reluctant to give him yet another kiss.

"HOW DO YOU DO? SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE": The Grand Duke welcomes the rather startled American actress to the Legation. On the left stands the Hon. Peter Northbrook (Richard Wattis). The pink and grey settings are by Roger Furse.

BEAUTIFUL DRESSES IN TERENCE RATTIGAN'S NEW COMEDY: A scene from *The Sleeping Prince*, with Vivien Leigh, Martita Hunt and Daphne Newton. Roger Furse has designed some lovely costumes.

APPROACHING THE ISLE OF MAY, THE LONELY SENTINEL IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH STANDING MIDWAY BETWEEN THE COAST OF FIFE AND EAST LOTHIAN: May, once the home of cluniac monks, is now inhabited only by lighthouse-keepers, and ornithologists who go there to study the very remarkable bird-life. It was in 1635 that Charles I granted to John Cunningham, of Barnes, and James Maxwell, of Innerwick, a patent to erect on the Isle of May what would appear to have been the first Scottish lighthouse. Six years later the Scottish Parliament ratified this patent. The light of this primitive, but vitally important, structure was supplied by a coal fire.

SCOTLAND'S FIRST LIGHTHOUSE: This is a survival of the 40-ft. tower which accommodated Scotland's first lighthouse. In order to make a sufficiently bright light to warn shipping, one ton of coal per night had to be burned in this tower. Three tons were burned when there was a high wind.

On right—

THE MODERN LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ISLE OF MAY IS A BUILDING IN THE BARONIAL STYLE: By day shutters surround the light cupola on the summit of the building, as otherwise the reflectors would act as a burning-glass in the sun's rays.

MAY ISLAND

THE GUARDIAN OF THE FORTH

Once it was the Home of Cluniac Monks, Now it Accommodates a Lighthouse and is the Place of Pilgrimage of Ornithologists

Looking from Edinburgh on a clear day, one can see the tiny spot of the Isle of May, situated north of the Bass Rock, between the coast of East Lothian and Fife. Service ships visit it only once a fortnight, for this tiny spot, 1½ miles long by a ½-mile broad, once the home of Christian Missionaries and Cluniac monks, is now occupied only by lighthouse-keepers and visiting ornithologists.

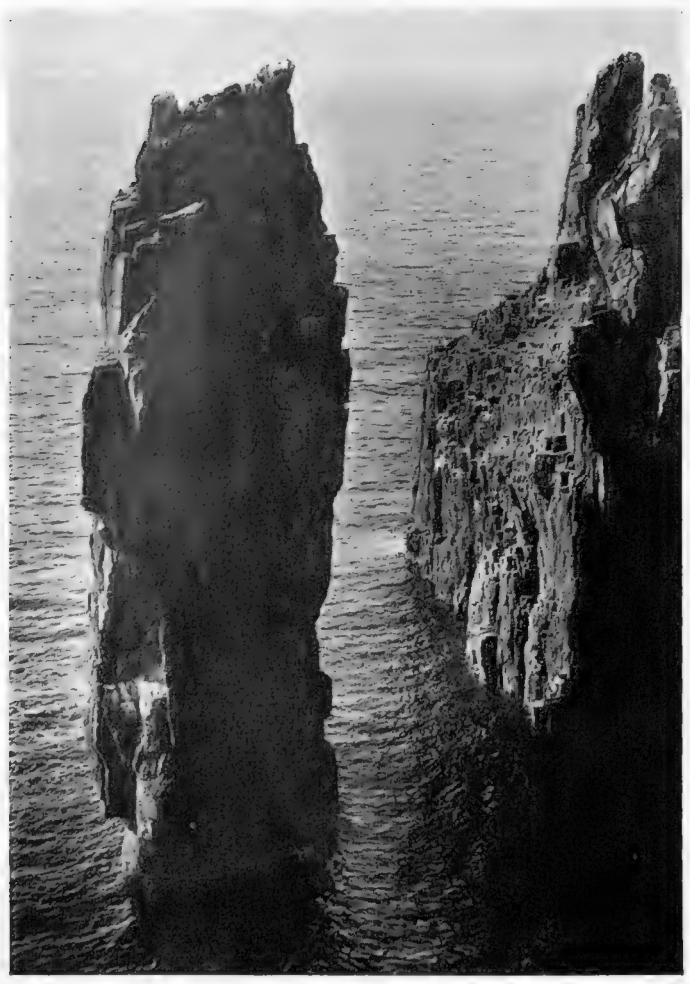
May Island was gifted to the Cluniac monks by King David I, who established their Order in the twelfth century, but it cost the Northern Lighthouse Commission £60,000 when they took it over in 1815 after two Government vessels had been sunk.

All that remains of the former ecclesiastical settlement is the tiny structure shown in one of the accompanying photographs. It was pillaged by English invaders and never restored. The monks abandoned it in 1318, but pilgrims continued to visit the island as a place of miracles for the next 200 years. The monks themselves were pilgrims, for they continued to farm the sacred soil of May for the next 230 years. There are no farmlands to-day.

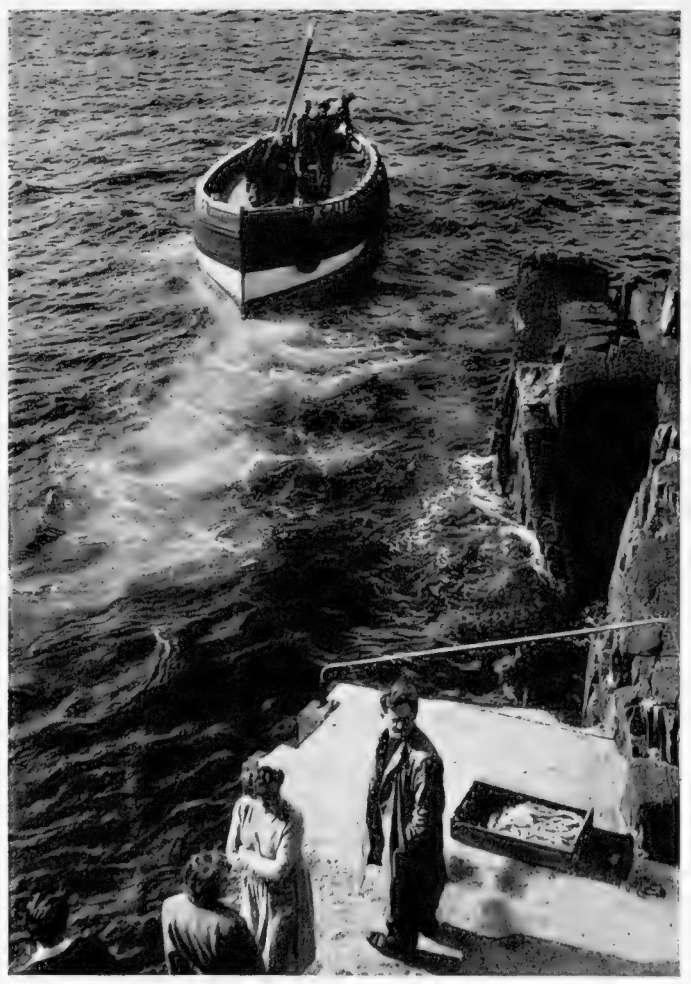
The modern pilgrim is the ornithologist, and the only permanent inhabitants are the lighthouse-keepers, four of them, and occasional trainees.

Isle of May was the scene of the first lighthouse ever built in Scotland, in 1636, when a 40-ft. tower burning 1 ton of coal a night in a brazier was used to warn ships off its dangerous rocks. By that time May had a bad reputation, for the inhabitants of a small village established next to the chapel ruins, were getting their living by smuggling and luring vessels on to the rocks with false lights.

The bird migration station was also a landmark in British ornithology, for it was the first co-operatively-manned field observatory of its kind to be established in this country. The pioneer work was done by those two fine Scottish ornithologists, Miss E. V. Baxter and Miss L. J. Rintoul, who worked on May from 1907 to 1933 and established the island as an outstanding place for the study of bird migration. The Midlothian Ornithological Club instituted the co-operatively-manned observatory, but the work is now carried on by a committee representing the Zoology Departments of the four Scottish Universities, the Midlothian Club and the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses.



THE ROCK-GIRT COAST OF MAY: Here the cliffs tower to a height of 160 ft., and the columns seen on the right are reminiscent of Staffa. Innumerable birds of the auk family nest in these rocks.



A FISHING-BOAT DEPARTS FROM MAY AFTER PAYING A SURPRISE VISIT TO THE ISLAND: The boat left behind a box of choice fish to vary the diet of the lighthouse-keepers and of their families.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE LIGHTHOUSE ACROSS THE GRASS-COVERED INTERIOR OF THE ISLE OF MAY : The white building on the right is the remains of Scotland's first lighthouse, dating back to 1636. The large lighthouse in the Scottish baronial manner resembles a castle. A light has been shining on the Isle of May for 317 years.

AN ORNITHOLOGIST DEMONSTRATING THE USE OF THE TAPERING HELIGOLAND TRAP : Birds can be walked or driven into this trap which is used on the Isle of May and they can then be caught quite simply. May has been a bird station since 1907 and is visited by ornithologists who work on a rota system.

Many species of birds occur on May that are seldom or never recorded from the Scottish mainland, particularly at the time of spring and autumn south-easterly winds from Scandinavia, birds such as the spotted bluethroat, red-breasted flycatcher and yellow-breasted bunting. In addition there are large numbers of nesting birds, particularly the auks on the cliffs, nesting in the most inaccessible places, and eider ducks and terns elsewhere.

May Island has gone very far since the days when the lighthouse-keepers burned coal. The lighthouse-keeper of to-day has to be something of a Jack-of-all-trades, for in addition to manning his light, he has to know about such things as radio beacons, radio-telephones, compressed air for foghorns, and engineering plant for pumping paraffin for a supply line to a light that has never failed for 317 years.

THE SOUTH FOGHORN POINTS ACROSS THE FIRTH OF FORTH TOWARDS THE EAST LOTHIAN SHORE : In the background can be seen the shoreline of Fife, which is about eight miles distant on the north shore of the estuary.

THIS IS THE LOW LIGHT ON THE ISLE OF MAY : It is the dwelling-house and library of the bird-watchers who visit the island. This co-operatively-manned field station was the first of its kind ever established in Great Britain. The first pioneer ornithologists visited the island in 1907.

On left—

THE REMAINS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL SETTLEMENT OF THE CLUNIAC MONKS : They established their Order in the twelfth century in the Isle of May. The monks abandoned it in 1318, but numerous pilgrims, including kings and queens, went to it, as a place where miracles were performed. It was in the neighbourhood of the coastline seen in the background that a later settlement of professional shipwreckers worked with lights to lure ships to their doom. No trace of the village they established now remains.

MODERNITY IN EIRE AND THE CONGO

A Modern Bus Terminal and Offices in Dublin, and Housing and Flat Developments in Leopoldville

THESE SEVEN-STOREY APARTMENT BUILDINGS HAVE BEEN ERECTED AT LEOPOLDVILLE, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO : The flats are intended to house employees of the Belgian Government service, and there are a total of 140 dwellings. The smaller buildings in the foreground reduce the density of the development and tend to give this suburb of Leopoldville its varied architectural character. Leopoldville is situated on the Congo opposite Brazzaville, in French Equatorial Africa. From there a railway runs to Pointe Noire, on the Atlantic, and links with the ocean-going vessels which put in from Marseilles and Bordeaux. Leopoldville now has 11,000 white inhabitants, exceeding Elizabethville, Jadotville and Costermansville. It has been the capital of the Congo since 1926, when the title was transferred from Boma.

THE MOST MODERN BUILDING IN IRELAND : *Above and on left*—This is Dublin's only skyscraper, Aras Mhic Dhiarmada, which was officially opened recently by Mr. Lemass, Eire's Minister for Industry and Commerce. The building is situated in Store Street, just behind the Custom House, and will provide offices for Civil Servants besides becoming the headquarters of the State-owned bus service, Coras Iompair Eireann. The office block contains 700 windows, and was designed by Mr. Michael Scott, the architect who is at present engaged on plans for Dublin's new Abbey Theatre. At the opening ceremony each of the building's nine floors was blessed by a priest from the near-by Pro-Cathedral. The Aras is to be the headquarters of the whole Eire transport network, and on ground-level buses will be marshalled. The present dual purpose of the building is a compromise between the different plans of successive Governments.

CRAFTSMANSHIP and RESTORATION

A Silver Mace for the University of Southampton and Other Recent Pictures of Arts and Crafts

THE MACE PRESENTED TO SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY BY MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR COMMON ROOM : The mace, which was designed by Leslie G. Durbin, M.V.O., is among several outstanding pieces of silver recently acquired by the University of Southampton and which are now on view to the public, at an exhibition held at the Civic Centre Gallery, Southampton, until November 22. On all ceremonial occasions at which the Chancellor or his representative is present, the mace is carried by the Esquire Bedell, the University's chief ceremonial officer. The mace-head shows the University's shield, the arms of Dorset, West Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire and the Isle of Wight, the five counties which directly support the University and are represented in its government. The cresting of vine leaves recalls Henry Robinson Hartley, the wine merchant who founded in 1850 what later became the University.

AN EXHIBITION OF BASKET-MAKING IN LONDON : Some of the exhibits on show at the display of baskets which has been organised in collaboration with the Rural Industries Bureau. The art of basket-making has become a dying craft, and this exhibition, it is hoped, will revive the interest and the patronage of the public.

On left—

GOBLETS TO COMMEMORATE A FORTHCOMING ROYAL VISIT : Mr. William Wilson working on the Royal Cypher on one of a small number of goblets now being made to commemorate the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Geelong, in Victoria, next March. The goblets are hand-made in lead crystal at the Whitefriars Glass-works in Wealdstone, Middlesex.

CROWNING THE WEATHERCOCK OF ST. OLAVE'S, HART STREET, LONDON : This is part of the restoration work which is now in progress on this well-known London church which was damaged by enemy action in 1941. The restoration stone was laid by King Haakon of Norway last June. The church, which is dedicated to the Norwegian Saint Olaf, was built in 1450, and is the third church known to stand on its site near Tower Hill. It was one of the few City churches to escape the Great Fire of 1666. The diarist Samuel Pepys, who lived in Seething Lane, regularly attended services at this church.

FIRE-BREATHING DRAGONS WHICH HAVE BEEN RE-ERECTED IN THE GROUNDS OF BUSHEY HOUSE, IN HERTS : Bushey House, a fine Georgian mansion, was once the home of Lord Bethell and now belongs to an insurance company. The origin of the dragons is a mystery. They were first brought to Bushey House from an estate at Loudwater, and previous to this nothing was known of them. They were originally set up over the main gateway to the house, but now, at the request of Bushey residents, they have been moved into the centre of the grounds so that all may see them. The fire-breathing effect is obtained by the installation of gas burners situated behind the dragons' snouts and an automatic device which turns the gas on for five seconds and off for ten seconds. The gas is ignited by means of sparking-plugs. The renovation of the dragons was carried out during a general restoration of the house executed for the insurance company. At the time of the Coronation both the house and the dragons were floodlit, and crowds of sightseers came to enjoy the spectacle.

MORE COMFORT NEEDED IN CARS

The Duke of Edinburgh's Outspoken Comments at the Earl's Court Motor Show; A New Record for the Jaguar XK 120; and other Motoring News

BY THE "SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT was refreshing to hear the Duke of Edinburgh's outspoken comments on car design at the opening of the Motor Show. Usually, on such occasions, one has to listen to a lot of dreary platitudes and a surfeit of verbal back-scratching. But the Duke is a keen motorist; he is president of the Automobile Association, and he is acquiring a reputation for writing his own speeches and speaking his mind.

Our car chiefs pricked up their ears in mild astonishment when the Duke started off by saying he sometimes wondered if too much importance was not attached to such things as top speed and fuel consumption; and if designers sometimes forgot that the driver wanted such things as acceleration, braking, top-gear performance, ease of control and pleasant suspension.

He did not think the driver's comfort was always given enough thought. He complained that "there always seems to be a handle or a knob just opposite one's right knee"; that there are often piercing draughts when the window is open only a quarter of an inch; and that some drivers found they could not reach any part of the engine without standing on their heads.

That's the stuff! None of us can afford to become complacent—not even the British motor industry, in spite of the fact that it is earning £1,000,000 a day in foreign currency.

It was a wonderful Show—undoubtedly the best since the war—with greatest interest centring on the stands with the new baby cars. But these were only a very small part of the general picture. The Show was well worth a visit if only to see Britain's remarkable range of sports cars; and the same can be said of the special coachwork section, the accessory stands in the gallery, the foreign exhibits (with 96 cars of 33 different makes from six countries), the caravans or the marine section.

I personally thought that one of the most interesting and significant features of this year's Show was the arrival of Britain's first plastic car. This was the Singer SMX, a four-seat version of the 1½-litre Roadster, which is for export only for the time being and for which a home price has not been quoted.

The prototype appeared with an elegant cream-painted body made entirely of plastic: polyester resin reinforced by glass fibre. It consists of only five panels or sections. The decision to produce this car was made last January and Singer Motors are proud that the model was conceived, designed and processed by their own design and development staff.

Here are some of the things they claim for their plastic body: "Weight for weight, it is stronger than steel. The body will withstand impacts which would dent a steel body. If the plastic body receives a blow sufficiently heavy to fracture it, repairs can be easily carried out. The rough edges of the break are cut out with a saw or knife and the hole filled by 'puttying' it with a mixture of resin and chopped glass mat.

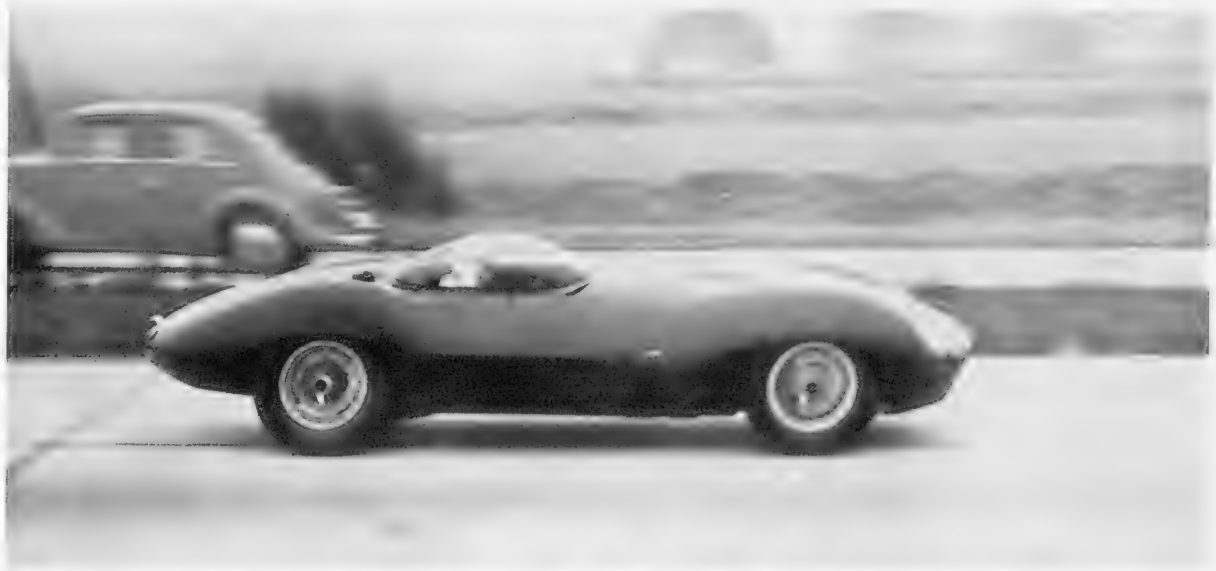
"Singer body plastic is little more than half the weight of duralumin and nearly five times lighter than steel. No heavy and expensive plant like that needed for steel body production is required."

Jowett Cars, Ltd.—who have been having trouble with the supply of steel bodies for their Javelin saloons—are also turning to plastics, and the body of their new Jupiter, the R 4, is made largely of this material. It is intended to fit an all-plastic body to production models. Jowetts use the Automold process for which it is claimed that pre-treated fabrics may be readily laminated without the application of heat or pressure.

We must keep an eye on this plastic business. I am inclined to think there is a big future for it as a substitute for steel bodies. The damage repair angle is a very important one and I have no doubt the big motor insurance companies are taking a great interest in the subject. If they found themselves able to offer a big premium discount to motorists with plastic-bodied cars the car manufacturers would have to sit up and take notice.

Next in importance to the plastic bodies, as a technical trend, came the range of Diesel engines offered by Perkins, Ltd., of Peterborough, for installation in private cars. This is the first time compression-ignition engines for cars have been offered to the public in this way. It is a step forward, but one which many people think should have been taken years ago.

There is still no British manufacturer offering a Diesel-engined production car, yet at the Earl's Court Show there were three medium-sized foreign models powered by this type of engine. I refer to Germany's Mércèdes-Benz and Borgward models and the Italian Fiat. Perkins are offering a big 6-cylinder engine for installation in Humber Super-Snipes and other cars of that size. It costs £375, and a motorist would have to pay another £30 or £35 to have it fitted in place of his old petrol engine (which he would probably sell to help pay for the conversion).



A JAGUAR XK 120 TRAVELLING AT OVER 170 MILES PER HOUR ON THE JABBEKE ROAD, IN BELGIUM: The car, which was driven by the chief test driver of Jaguar Cars Ltd., Mr. Norman Dewis, covered a flying mile at a mean speed of 172.412 m.p.h., thus establishing a new record for this distance. The car was a Special Equipment XK 120 model, fitted with the optional accessories specified in the catalogue but with the addition of an under-shield and cockpit cover. Ordinary commercial grade petrol was used for the attempt and this was placed in the fuel tank in England under the official observation of the R.A.C. The speed was recorded by the Royal Automobile Club of Belgium and is the highest ever achieved by a production car fitted with optional equipment.

The main attraction, of course, is fuel economy. With one of these engines a Super-Snipe does about 35 m.p.g.—and that's a very low figure, of course, for a car of that size. Diesel fuel is about sixpence a gallon cheaper than the best petrol when bought by a motorist from a garage pump.

Perkins are also offering a smaller 4-cylinder Diesel similar to those which have been in experimental use for some time past in a number of London taxi-cabs. This unit is available in two models: for taxis and for Land-Rovers. A piston engine costs less to build than a comparable Diesel and is lighter and quieter. But the compression-ignition unit scores with its fuel economy, its remarkable reliability (thanks largely to the absence of electrics and carburettor), and its long life.

As expected, the new Ford Popular (which at £390 14s. is the world's cheapest car) created enormous interest right through the Show. I predict that a lot of these "Populars" will be bought by people who have long wanted to own a car but who have not been able to afford either the initial cost or running expenses.

A WASH-AND-BRUSH-UP FOR CARS IN PARIS: A car is seen undergoing treatment by this novel device which has been installed in a Paris garage. As the car passes through the cleaner, water is sprayed over the body, and huge, revolving nylon brushes remove dirt and grime and impart a smart finish.

In announcing the new model (which is really the old Anglia with the old Prefect's engine), Sir Patrick Hennessey, Ford chief, mentioned that they were already building them at the rate of 250 a week. He also stated that since 1932 no fewer than 387,500 Ford Eights have been built.

I liked the Rover 75 with a special convertible body by Pinin Farina, the famous Italian coachbuilders. The prototype was built in Italy but Rovers are going into production with it over here and hope to be able to begin deliveries in the middle of next year. With purchase tax at its present level the retail price at home has been provisionally fixed at £2,400.

Another smart prototype was the two-seater Bristol sports with coachwork by Bertone, another Italian firm of coachwork specialists. This "marriage" of a modified Bristol 404 chassis and the Italian sports body has been arranged by an enterprising American car distributor named "Wacky" Arnolt. He has ordered a lot of Bristol chassis and is having them sent to Italy to have the Bertone bodies fitted. From Italy they are all going direct to the U.S., where they will be sold at 4,500 dollars.

In my last article I reported that on all Rolls-Royce and Bentley models sold in the home market, with the exception of the Continental, it is possible to have an automatic gear-box on payment of an extra sum of £99, including tax. I have since had an opportunity of trying out a Bentley so fitted. It gives real luxury motoring. The U.S.-designed Hydra-Matic gear-box, which Rolls-Royce are now building under licence in Britain, is a wonderful piece of mechanism. It makes driving ridiculously simple.

There is no clutch pedal. You simply start the car, move the selector lever to position "4," release the brake and step on the accelerator. The car glides forward and when gentle acceleration is applied it automatically changes into second gear at about 6 m.p.h. into third at about 11 m.p.h. and into top at about 20 m.p.h. With the throttle pressed well down for rapid acceleration, the car stays in the lower gears until higher road speeds have been reached.

When the car slows down it automatically selects a lower gear. The position "4" I spoke of just now means that when this setting has been chosen the gear-box is automatic through all four gears. If, however, you do not want the robot gear-change mechanism to take you higher than third, you select range "3." Similarly, selection of range "2" prevents changes above second gear, and this setting is useful for braking. The only other positions for the selector lever are "N" for neutral and "R" for reverse.

All very well, some of you are probably saying, but what about the smaller, less expensive cars? When will *they* have automatic transmissions? The time may be nearer than you think. There is, indeed, a possibility that one of the Big Six will offer an automatic clutchless gear-box as an optional extra on a small quantity-produced car in the relatively near future. It would be the Hobbs gear-box, and the car would probably cost some £50 over and above list price.

This ingeniously-designed, epicyclic gear-box now has a manual over-ride feature which enables you to select which ever gear you want at any time. Normally you would start off with the lever at "A" for automatic and as the car gathered speed it would change up through the gears to top. But there are positions marked 1, 2 and 3 corresponding to the three lower gears which can be brought into use by simply moving the lever.

During the Motor Show party at which the improvements to the Hillman Minx were announced, Sir William Rootes made it clear that his organisation does not intend to join in the so-called "battle of the babies." He also showed what confidence the Rootes Group has in its ability to go on selling lots of cars and lorries by announcing that they are putting up a £5,000,000 factory at Dunstable for the assembly of Commer trucks. It will release a great deal of space at Coventry for expanded production of Hillman, Humber and Sunbeam-Talbot cars.

Let me end this second Show review on a note of congratulation: firstly, to the British motor industry for this evidence of its continuing virility and enterprise; and secondly to Mr. William Lyons, of Jaguar Cars, for recording some remarkable new speeds with two Jaguar models on a Belgian motor road.

His chief test driver, Mr. Norman Dewis, averaged 172.412 m.p.h. over a "flying" mile in an XK 120 fitted with a Perspex canopy, under-shield and other special equipment; and he did 178.383 m.p.h. in the prototype of an improved version of the competition-type XK 120 with which Britain won the Le Mans race this year.

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. . . FRANCE

CHAMONIX	10. 2 am
LA CLUSAZ	9.10 am
MEGEVE	9.30 am
MORZINE	10.10 am
VAL D'ISERE	11. 0 am

. . . AUSTRIA

KITZBUHEL	2.51 pm
LECH	12.50 pm
ST. ANTON	11.43 am
ZELL AM SEE	3.47 pm

. . . SWITZERLAND

ANDERMATT	11. 0 am	KLOSTERS	10. 1 am
DAVOS	10.35 am	MURREN	11.10 am
ENGELBERG	10.42 am	PONTRESINA	11.53 am
GRINDELWALD	10.48 am	ST. MORITZ	11.45 am
GSTAAD	10.14 am	WENGEN	10.49 am
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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BOSWELL: THE BEST REPORTER

The Latest Volume of His Private Papers is Probably the Most Important in the Series So Far; Other Books About People and Travel; and the Continued Spate of Novels

A POINT about Boswell that must be made emphatically, and, if necessary, made again and again, is that he was just about the best reporter who has ever lived. He reported people, places, conversations, verbatim, and, above all, he reported himself, a feat which, foreign correspondents notwithstanding, is very difficult indeed. The new volume of his private papers to be published is BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR (Heinemann. 25s.), and it is to my mind the most important in the series so far. *Boswell's London Journal* established him as a personage in his own right once and for all, and the successive adventures did much to justify this, but Boswell in Holland was, for the most part, and love-affairs included, a melancholy creature, and it seems that it was not until he set out on his journey through Germany in the summer of 1764, entranced by each of the small, rich German Courts and making his way gradually to Switzerland and the company of philosophers, that Boswell, the authentic Boswell, is seen.

He enjoyed the Courts, of course, and his courtesy title of baron, and the daily company of the nobility. His accounts of them show him even as slightly comic in his delight at his new situation. But the treasures in this part of his journals are the reports of his conversations with Voltaire and Rousseau when, diligently and doggedly, he not only made himself known to them, but became for a short while a part of their respective households, with such success that Rousseau could write to him afterwards, "*Je . . . vous embrasse, Monsieur, de tout mon cœur*," and Voltaire, "I assure you that my soul has a great regard for your own . . ."

THE RIDDLE OF EMILY DICKINSON (Gollancz. 21s.) is an admirable title for a study of that enigmatic New England poet, much of whose poetry reads "like the overheard half of a telephone conversation"; beautiful, in this case, but so incomplete as to be tantalising to the listener, or the reader. Mrs. Rebecca Patterson has made use of the existing memoirs and of letters, but the strength of her book is that in the main it has been the result of a sustained effort of detection, taking the writer from America to a forgotten grave in Grasmere, in our own north. Her conclusions are fresh and, to a sensible, worldly eye, perfectly sound, although one can see what difficulties Emily Dickinson's earlier biographers had. I found the book fascinating, and to anyone who enjoys the poetry, strange, laconic and full of symbolism, this will prove an enlightened footnote.

Mr. Ludwig Bemelmans, practical Austrian-American that he is, takes very little stock in symbolism or mysticism either. To him a well-cooked meal is a poem and a poorly prepared one a disaster. And who shall contradict him? FATHER, DEAR FATHER (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is his new book, which is all the better for fitting into no known category. In sober fact, if he doesn't mind the phrase, this is an account of a journey he undertook with his young daughter from New York to Paris, and thence to Rome, to Capri, to Ischia—against local advice—to Vesuvius and back home. Their travels were enlivened, but not necessarily eased, by the presence of a very small poodle, and by the daughter's aptitude for picking up, in the nicest possible way, such characters as rich ex-gangsters and dukes with motor-scooters. Funny and worldly and, of course, illustrated by the author's drawings which, as a *distraite* friend of mine once said: ". . . . come under the heading of *verb sap*."

INTO HIDDEN BURMA (Faber and Faber. 18s.) is, in spite of the strictly "travel book" flavour of its title, a new volume of autobiography by Mr. Maurice Collis, who lived in Burma during the period of which he writes, and has achieved a remarkable synthesis here of his own experiences, and his development towards authorship, with a study of the Burmese character and a survey of Burmese culture. For the thoughtful and deliberate reader, and particularly the reader whose mind is always open to the impressions that word pictures can leave, this will be an exceptional book.

Mr. Olle Strandberg is an eminent Swedish journalist who seems to like travelling, and TIGERLAND AND SOUTH SEA (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is the record of two years spent in this manner, respectively in the Far East, India, Macao, Red China and Bangkok, and the next in the South Seas. In the course of his voyaging a Buddhist priest told him rather coldly that it was better "to do good at home than to travel a thousand miles to burn incense here," but luckily Mr. Strandberg ignored his precept and this extremely entertaining, often ruthlessly de-bunking book is the result.

It is an index of the health of fiction in this country that novels should continue to flow from the presses in such abundance and, for the most part, with such a high level of performance. THE GO-BETWEEN (Hamish Hamilton. 11s.), for instance, is a very good novel indeed. This story of Mr. L. P. Hartley's concerns a boy of twelve who is staying at a country house in Norfolk at the turn of the century, enjoying his tentative new friendships and the glimpses of a wider life than he has known. He becomes involved innocently in a romantic, and triangular, love-affair, carrying messages from a girl to her lover and remaining, in perfect good faith, the little friend of the man whom the girl is to marry. The story ends in tragedy and, ironically, someone says to the narrator, fifty years later: "Was there a telephone here in your day?"—"No," comes the reply, "It might have made a great difference."

MILESTONES IN THE HISTORY OF FLYING: These two pictures are taken from *A History of Flying* (Batsford. 21s.), by C. H. Gibbs-Smith, and they show two developments at the turn of the eighteenth century. *On left* is the first parachute descent in England, by Garnerin, over London in 1802. Garnerin had made the first line drop from the air over Paris in 1797. *On right* is an equestrian ascent by Testu-Brissy, in France in 1798. This Frenchman was the first to popularise such animal ascents in Europe. In his book Mr. Gibbs-Smith covers all aspects and developments in flying.

THE LION OF COOLING BAY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a new example of the individual, odd and brilliant talent of Miss Phyllis Paul, who has managed in this one novel to combine a macabre and extremely effective plot with a very amusing sketch of a family of brothers and sisters, rich, aristocratic and in the *avant-garde* of literary and artistic opinion and taste.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton writes of youth and age in his new novel, A MONTH IN GORDON SQUARE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), and being the experienced and subtle writer that he is, manages to find a new contrast between both states. The niece who comes, ungraciously and reluctantly to stay with her uncle, the retired actor, is as real a picture as the elderly man, and the way in which they work out the difficulties of their relationship is at least as reasonable and as credible as the foibles of one's own relatives.

THE CHARIOTEER (Longmans. 15s.) is a novel thoughtfully written on a difficult subject: the relationship of three men who find themselves in the same English hospital after the evacuation from Dunkirk. A wounded corporal, a naval officer with whom he was at school, and a young medical orderly. Miss Mary Renault does an extremely delicate thing well, in writing with understanding of those who realise their predicament and fight to retrieve their situation.

A SHARE OF THE WORLD (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the kind of novel that used to be a monopoly of English fiction: the record of a boy's childhood, boyhood and young maturity, latterly told in terms of security and nurseries, manhood and war, and maturity and love. Mr. Hugo Charteris writes movingly.

Mr. Mervyn Peake has made some cosy and clever little drawings to decorate his novel, MR. PYE (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.), which is about a relatively clever and cosy little man who comes to the island of Sark on a one-man invasion, connected with his personal plan for the universe. In the right mood this might be diverting reading, but there is also a danger that the whole thing might tip over from the fantastic to the whimsical.

AT THE END OF A ROAD (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.), Mr. Claude Houghton's latest novel, is, by and large, about the kind of marriage that goes wrong because it is made more through filial duty than by mutual affection. The plot glitters with blondes and black markets, big cars and racketeers, and is altogether a very disappointing product, however easy it is to read, from this distinguished pen.

FROM ARCHÆOLOGY TO ARRANGING FLOWERS—SIX NEW BOOKS ON SPECIALISED SUBJECTS.

THE BULL OF MINOS (Evans Brothers. 16s.), *by Leonard Cottrell, tells in a simple, imaginative but scholarly way the story of the great archæological discoveries in Crete and Greece.*

DROP ME A LINE (Douglas Saunders, in association with Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.) *is the title for a series of letters exchanged on Trout and Coarse Fishing by Maurice Ingham and Richard Walker. The book is illustrated by the authors.*

KALAHARI SAND (Bell. 15s.) *is Frank Debenham's light-hearted account of two journeys in the strange, dry area, so often miscalled the Kalahari Desert, which occupies most of the Bechuanaland Protectorate in Southern Africa. There are many pictures.*

The new edition of **THE CONWAY** (Heinemann. 25s.), *by John Masefield, first published in 1931, brings the story of the training-ship and the boys who trained in her up to the time she ran aground and was wrecked in the Menai Straits in April 1953. There is a short section of illustrations.*

LADY INTO WOMAN (Andrew Dakers. 15s.), *by Vera Brittain, is a history of Women from Victoria to Elizabeth II. It is the story of the struggle for equal rights.*

In **A CONSTANCE SPRY ANTHOLOGY** (J. M. Dent. 18s.), *Mrs. Spry has arranged a collection of her works on floral decoration and cultivation, and has assembled the extracts under subject-headings in an entertaining form. The text is illustrated by numerous reproductions in colour and black and white.*

NOW IT CAN BE HALF-TOLD

The Remarkable Eddie Chapman Story

"Now it can be only half-told" would be a very possible sub-title for Frank Owen's wartime thriller, THE EDDIE CHAPMAN STORY (Allan Wingate. 10s. 6d.), for Mr. Owen, who writes autobiographically on behalf of the said Mr. Chapman, is not able to reveal all the many and extraordinary circumstances surrounding the wartime career of this ex-cracker of English safes. He does give us one side of the picture, however, and a thrilling business it all is, with Eddie, serving a gaol sentence at the time the Germans invaded the Channel Islands, throwing in his lot with the invader and going to occupied France, where he joined a sabotage squad. His life in a chateau of the Loire, where he learnt how to blow up factories without purchasing anything outside the normal wares to be found in a chemist's shop or clockmaker's, was exacting and instructive, and then, parachuted into England, he apparently carried out some very neat sabotage at the expense of de Havilland's. Eddie even got back to the Continent, there to be rewarded handsomely in cash and adorned with the Iron Cross. Last scene of all shows Eddie once again plummeting on to his native soil of England, and we are assured, in so many words, in a neat little postscript that Eddie is of the stuff of heroes. When we know the other half of the story it is highly likely we shall agree, but it seems both unfair to Eddie Chapman, and to the publishers of the book for that matter, that official secrecy should draw a veil over the missing half of the story.

The sudden appearance of the paraphernalia of modern science in an antediluvian region which has never yet come wholly under the influence of the white man is the principal theme of Alan Moorehead's new book, RUM JUNGLE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), in which he gives a vivid account of a recent visit to Australia in which he sought to rediscover his own country, particularly some of the remoter parts of the great outback. The book takes its title from Rum Jungle, the recently-discovered uranium mine which may turn out to be the richest source of uranium in the world. Mr. Moorehead's smooth and pleasant style lends charm to this account of his adventuring, and some of his descriptions of the Great Barrier Reef are enchanting.

Another adventure book, a much more desperate adventure than anything encountered by Mr. Moorehead, is Dr. Alain Bombard's THE BOMBARD STORY (Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.). In this the doctor who crossed the Atlantic in a rubber dinghy, taking with him no supplies but a sealed box of emergency rations, describes the ordeal of sixty-five days, in the course of which he conjured enough food and water from the Atlantic to keep himself not only alive but in reasonably good health. Dr. Bombard's point is that many lives can be saved if shipwrecked men only know how to exploit the sea. He proves his point completely, and in doing so has compiled a most exciting narrative. It seems that a certain amount of fresh water can be obtained from fish, and Dr. Bombard has come to the conclusion that this can be supplemented by sea-water provided it is drunk in limited quantities. Dr. Bombard writes with impressive simplicity of his experiences as a self-imposed castaway. During his Atlantic crossing Dr. Bombard was frequently visited by sharks, but he treated them with rare disdain, smacking them smartly on the snout with his oar whenever they sought to prod the float of his rubber dinghy. The doctor came to the conclusion that they were a cowardly lot.

Adrian Liddell Hart is yet another adventurer. His zest for the unknown took him into the Foreign Legion, and in STRANGE COMPANY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) he describes what happened to him from the moment he entered the recruiting depot in Marseilles in 1951 until his release last year in exceptional circumstances after he had taken part in some fierce amphibious fighting in the Indo-Chinese War. Among the author's strange companions were ex-German S.S. men and French collaborators.

The foundations of commerce in England were laid in the fairs and markets of the Middle Ages; the fairs with their lighter, more festive elements, and the markets with their permanent influence in controlling the development of many of the towns. William Addison, the author of many books on social and regional topics, surveys this development in his valuable new book, ENGLISH FAIRS AND MARKETS (Batsford. 21s.), a volume which has the advantage of some first-rate illustrations by Barbara Jones.

Mrs. Victor Hurst has not had to search far and wide for a title for her volume of reminiscences. She calls it HUNTING, SHOOTING AND FISHING (Arthur Barker. 16s.), and that is exactly what it is about, and little else besides. The attractively designed cover also emphasizes the author's three-point programme, with a picture of a fox in flight, a game-bird on the wing, and fish in search of sustenance. Some of her strictly factual recording of times past will prove of only limited appeal.

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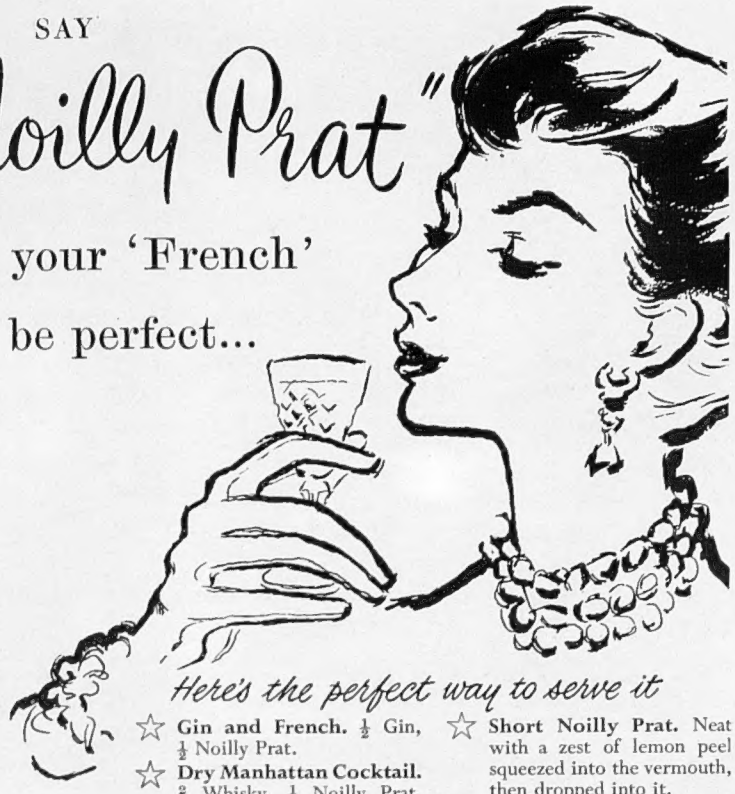

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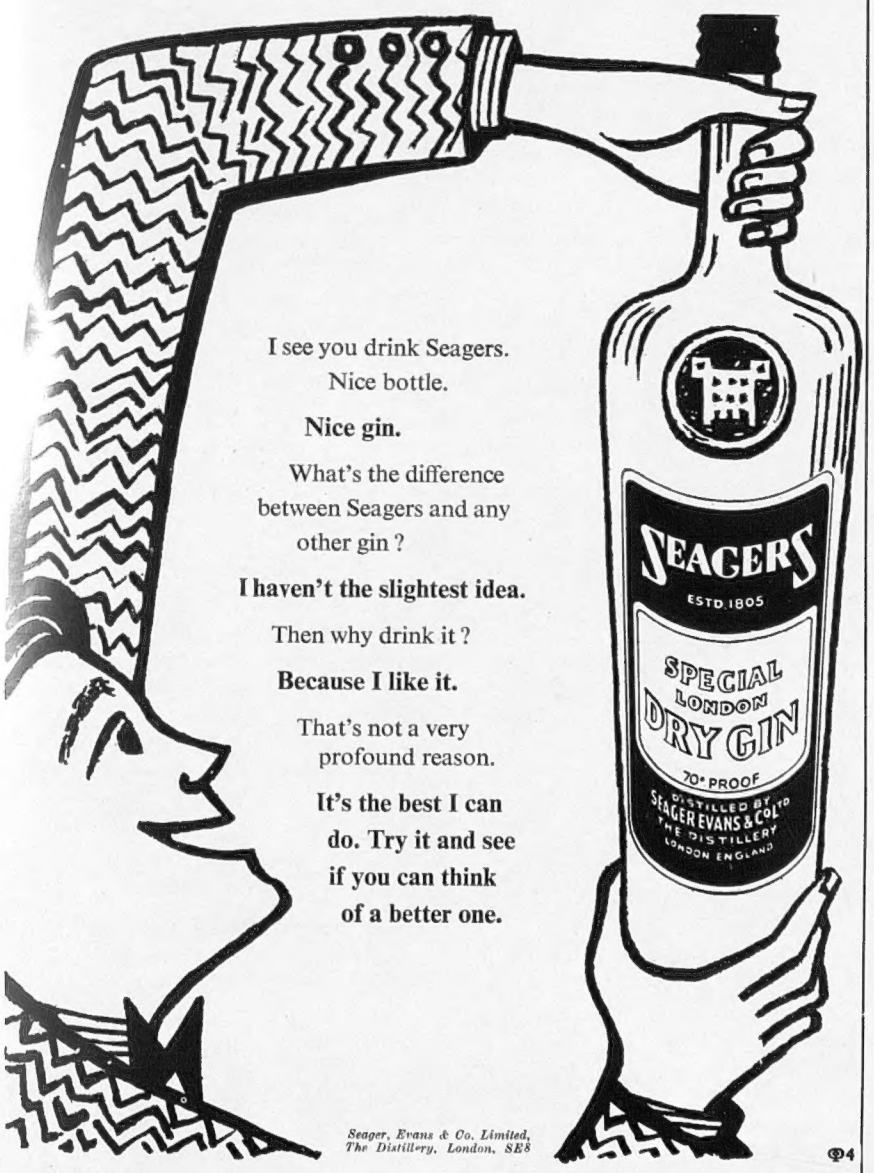

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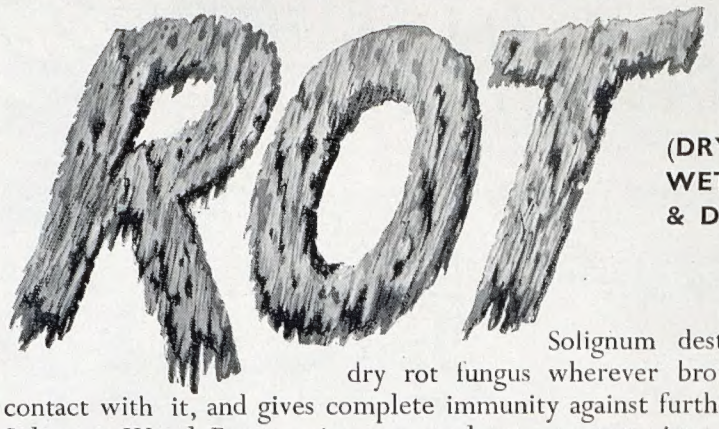

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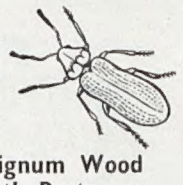

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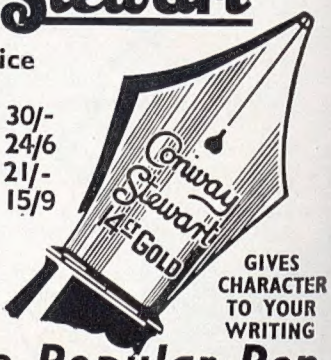

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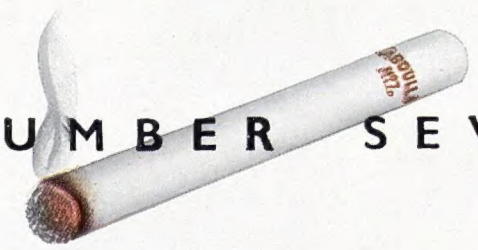

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